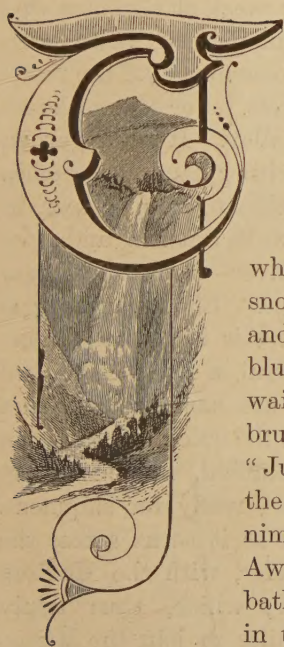


THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

IV.



HE weather is perfect! To the Yellowstone Park we are about to bid adieu! It was from this piazza we obtained, in the twilight, our first faint glimpse of the Crystal Stairs. Now, standing here, vision sweeps over the sun-lit expanse of enchanting details, and on, and out to where the encompassing hills lift their snow-seamed, granite helmets—all bronzed and furrowed—against the unfathomable blue. The six-horse mountain coach stands waiting. The driver is in his place. The brunette bride of a swarthy Kentucky “Judge” aspires to the still loftier perch of the deck-seat, and gaining consent climbs nimbly up and occupies the “crow’s nest.” Away we bowl! Now let the sunlight bathe you and the ether caress you. Drink in the ambrosial air. Oh, the ecstasy of living! Our delightful morning drive is

soon over, for the seven miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Cinnabar, being mostly down hill, are quickly traversed, and the panting locomotive once more becomes our steed. Threading again the gateway to the Park, the beauties of river and mountain beguile the ride to Livingston; where, in the afternoon, we resume our westward way to the Pacific.

From Livingston two engines head the train up the steep grade among butte-like foot-hills abounding with jutting crags and ribs of rock, and partly clad with stunted spruce. Up, and up we climb, till we are over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. We have come a dozen miles and are about to enter the Bozeman Tunnel, so all the windows are closed and the lamps are lighted. This tunnel is slightly under three quarters of a mile in length, but it seemed like several miles that we were speeding under the mountain and breathing the stifling air. To emerge into the sunshine where we could fling open the windows and enjoy the fresh breeze was a welcome relief.

Descending a narrow defile, known as Rock Canyon, we reach Fort Ellis—a vigorous military post—where begins the valley of the Gallatin. Ever widening to the west, at Bozeman this valley expands into a rich and beautiful plateau which, with the accessory of irrigation, is now “blossoming like the rose,” and big with promise of a generous harvest. For several hours we traverse this fertile and favoured valley. It is the garden of Montana; and, for a dozen miles on either hand, it stretches its gentle undulations between the sheltering ranges seen in the mellow distance. Now the valley walls draw in, and close beside the track flows the Gallatin River—a merry stream which runs, with us, an ever-losing race. Sheep-ranching is here carried on very extensively; and this is shearing time. At one place there is gathered, in a corral, a flock of several thousand, and a large gang of shearers are hard at work in a pen upon the river-bank—judging from the quick succession in which the fleeces pass to the packing scaffold, where they are stowed in the familiar, bulky woolsacks, ready for shipment. We take our last view of the Gallatin as it turns across the pretty valley to blend its waters, yonder, with the Madison and Jefferson to form the Missouri; which, thus triply endowed, flows hence three thousand miles to join the Mississippi. We have come six hundred miles since we crossed the Missouri, flowing southward, and here the new-born river starts on a northward pilgrimage for a hundred miles or more. We have entered the first canyon of the Missouri, and the stream which flows beside us is a beautiful river of clear water which sparkles as it flows over its pebbly bed. In this canyon we traverse the Horse-shoe Bend; a very choice bit of country.



IDAHO—LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, FROM LOOKOUT POINT.

On issuing from the gorge, and hence to Townsend, rich bottom lands spread out in vernal beauty, and invite the husbandman to plenty and prosperity. We are in a district of incredible versatility. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and bands of horses, alike, attain ideal perfection; while waving grain-fields attest the fertile and responsive soil. Here, delving will find dollars—and see those misty peaks! They are the rock-bound “Safety Deposit Vaults,” whence enterprise may draw treasure to enrich the worker and the world. Here and there, are ranchers’ cabins. God has done His part so well, man should be ashamed to mar the lovely landscape with such wretched hovels for human habitation. The wandering habits of cattle-men are fatal to domesticity; so the country over which these nomads roam presents a cheerless and homeless aspect. I had heard much of the expert horsemanship of the cowboy, but, quite unexpectedly, witnessed an exhibition that confirmed tradition. A cowboy, riding furiously across the plain, after a refractory steer, lost his hat. Wheeling suddenly, he described a circle which brought the head-gear in his path; and setting his horse to the dead run, he swung round in the saddle so that, reaching down, he grasped the hat with his right hand, and then swung back again into his seat, without checking in the slightest his horse’s speed. I scarcely knew which to admire the more, the feat itself or the extreme gracefulness of the performance.

Nearing Townsend there prevails more of the farmstead appearance, enhancing the favourable impression. “But what is

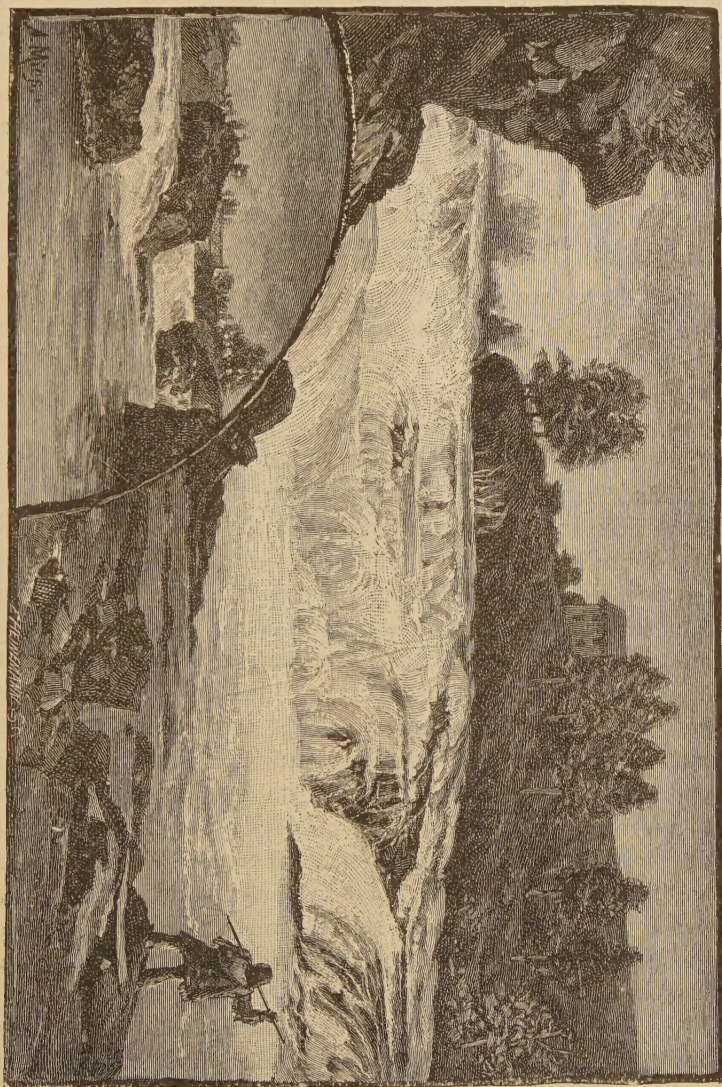
done for wood and water?" The former drawback finds little mitigation; but the latter is remedied by irrigation, the supply of water being obtained from the surrounding hills, instead of from the clouds. After passing Townsend, an uninviting country is traversed for a time and then comes a pleasing transition. Take the view upon our right. As far as the eye can reach are gentle slopes bordered by trees which grow in moat-like ravines that run from base to crest and at such regular intervals as to suggest a landscape gardener's design—albeit too colossal. Crowning the summit is a border of living green; and the whole presents a charming upland view of smooth greensward, rising as it recedes and patterned like a park. The winsome panorama ever changes—now closing in, now spreading out—sometimes rougher, sometimes smoother—till a short run in Prickly Pear Valley brings us to the foot of the Main Range of the Rockies. Here in that fabulously rich Last Chance Gulch, has sprung up the city of Helena, the capital of Montana, and the greatest mining camp in the world.

The sights and sounds make it difficult to realize that we are away up in the mountains. Approaching Helena, we saw handsome turnouts speeding along a well-kept drive past suburban residences; and here, awaiting the arrival of the train, is an extravagant array of elegant vehicles. Broughams, rock-aways, cabs, and omnibuses throng the long line of platform, and with lusty shouts the runners advocate their respective hotels. Many private carriages are there with their occupants, who find diversion in driving to the train; and four ladies, in jockey hat and habit, show their expertness in the saddle.

In some of the carriages are tawdry belles whose presence is a pestilence. The city is a mile away up yonder beneath the hills—whence it strides on up the gulch. From the few catch-penny saloons about the depôt there leads a beautiful roadway up to the clustering blocks and squares of the city; and, along it, numerous handsome equipages are driving. The spectacle has one most distressing feature. Helena must blame the shameless occupants of some of these carriages for imparting to her a most unsavoury reputation. Bare-faced immodesty, in eastern towns, were positive demureness here. It saddens one to think that the incipient greatness of this prolific heritage shall have to grapple with the deadliest of moral foes; and the conflict cannot come too soon. In the early twilight we

leave Helena, and already electric lights challenge the coming darkness ; but, from the miasmatic pit of sin, there looms up a cloud of vice which enshrouds the city in a denser darkness

FALLS ON THE SPOKANE RIVER, W. T.



and more ghastly gloom. With pitying prescience I see the victims and hear their groans. Alas ! poor wrecks !—cumbrances to others and themselves—cursing the city where they fell, till, cursing their God, they die !

Two locomotives are required to draw our train up the easterly slope of the Main Range. It is a stiff climb. The engines are labouring heavily, and yet we barely move. Around sharp curves, up steep embankments, over high trestles, through Mullan Tunnel and several others, and at length we reach the summit. Surrendering our pilot engine, at nine o'clock, we start from the Divide and move with ease and speed down the Pacific Slope. Gradually had the twilight deepened, narrowing the prospect, till

"Night drew her sable mantle 'round
And pinned it with a star."

In the welcome seclusion of my berth I now will seek repose ; while the wheels grind out my cradle-song, and the hills go filing by.

During the night we have been running along a branch of the Columbia River known as Clark's Fork. Near Thompson's Falls, which is the outfitting point for the Coeur d'Alene Mountains to the south, we cross from the north bank upon a substantial iron bridge two hundred yards in length. Following the windings of the mountain torrent as it rushes over its rocky bed, the scenery is charmingly picturesque. Now overlooking the river from a high embankment, then a vista up or down the canyon, but always with changeful and fascinating blending of forest, rock and river ; while as the complement of scenic prodigality the snow-capped Kootenai peaks furnish an Alpine background. Descending still, we find ourselves in the sombre shade of dense forests of stately pines, the advance guard of the limitless colonnades of shapely, towering shafts of choicest fir, which adorn our western shores. To walk among these fluted columns, which spread their emerald plumes so far aloft, is like treading the solemn aisles and arches of a stupendous cathedral, while Eolian harps hymn their soft minstrelsies.

From east to west, Montana extends eight hundred miles ! This train has been a day and two nights rolling rapidly along over her territory ; while, in the next few hours, we shall cross the northerly part of Idaho and enter Washington Territory. The outlook, still, is over a rugged hill-country, suggestive of mineral wealth. At Athol we parted with Clark's Fork—a

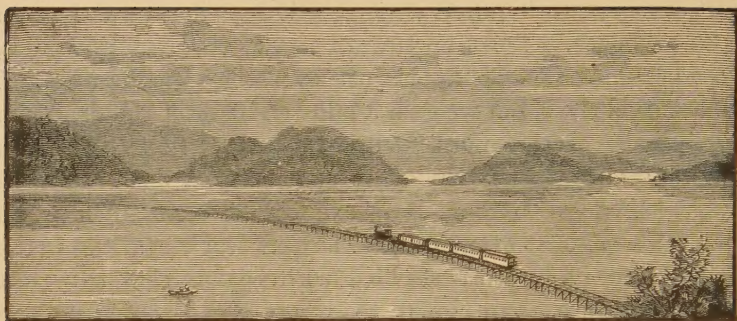
swift stream, two hundred yards in width and several feet in depth—whence, it flows northward nearly two hundred miles, to empty into the Columbia just over the Canadian border. We lose this river, but we gain a lake. The brief ride in Idaho supplies one of the most delightful experiences gained in crossing the continent. Suddenly you come out upon the shore of Lake Pend d'Oreille. It is exquisitely beautiful, and its fascination gains at every turn. The clear water sparkles in the sunlight, and its bosom is studded with islands clad with soft billowy verdure, even down to where the drooping foliage trails in the transparent lake. The charming picture is enhanced by the farther shore, where cliffs and hills and forests are out-



LAKE PEND D'OREILLE—LOOKING SOUTH.

lined against the distant mountain peaks, between which and you drift in shreds of feathery clouds.

For twenty miles the tourist revels in the enjoyment of riding along the deeply-indented coast. Now skirting a bay or sweeping around a promontory, then crossing an inlet or traversing a wooded point, shortly again to find yourself upon the sunlit, shining beach of this versatile inland sea among the mountains; where white caps are cresting the clear, green waves. The vistas on lake and shore are of surpassing beauty, and to sit and watch the fleeting visions is to be spectator while the Invisible Scene-shifter presents bewitching transformations of His handiwork. Some arms of the lake—broad but shallow—we cross on trestle-work. The Long Trestle shown in the illustration extends nearly two miles; and when the



LONG TRESTLE—LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, IDAHO.

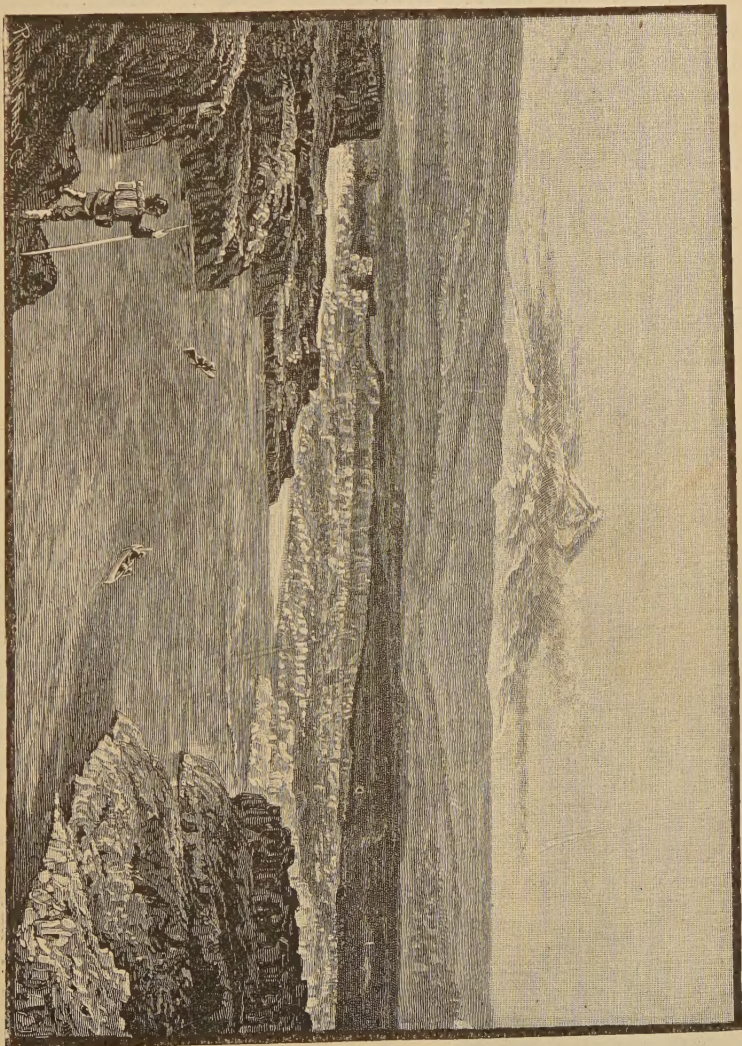
lake is unruffled, shoals of fish can be seen sporting themselves in the clear water.

Before crossing the line between Idaho and Washington, the hills sweep farther back and stretches of prairie appear. Herds of cattle, that have been missed since leaving Helena, once more enliven the landscape. Two hours' run through prepossessing country brings us to Spokane Falls, W.T., a picturesque, bright-looking town, with a rocky ridge to the south; and, to the north, the prairie bottoms of the Spokane River stretching away for miles. This river supplies vast motive power. The beautiful Falls of the Spokane lend to the locality its greatest charm, and lose none of their loveliness because they contribute so largely to the material prosperity of the inhabitants. Away to the north one hundred miles, this river, too, yields itself up to the Columbia. An hour's run through a well-timbered but precipitous country brings us to Cheney, where we enter upon a monotonous and dusty ride of two hundred miles, over an arid expanse, where parched hills, broken by protruding rock, alternate with waterless ravines—the skeletons of vanished rivers. These Great Plains serve only as a winter range; for in summer, in this rainless region, one hundred miles from water, cattle would die of thirst.

We are now in Oregon; and have been following the south bank of the Columbia since crossing the Snake River—its greatest tributary—at Ainsworth. The miles and hours go by, and there is little to excite the admiration; but, patience! we are nearing the Dalles of the Columbia where Castle Rock rears its thousand feet as a signal of the coming pageant. There is

the majestic river, which wins the more upon me in that it has drained and watered Canadian soil. From shore to shore it is a rushing tide, nearly a mile in width, and interspersed with islands of great variety. There is a low-lying one of oval

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA—MOUNT HOOD IN THE DISTANCE.



shape and so smoothly rounded up as to resemble the protruding back of some brown monster partially submerged. There rises in mid-stream a turret of rock upon the top of which there grows a single tree. Then see that rock-walled

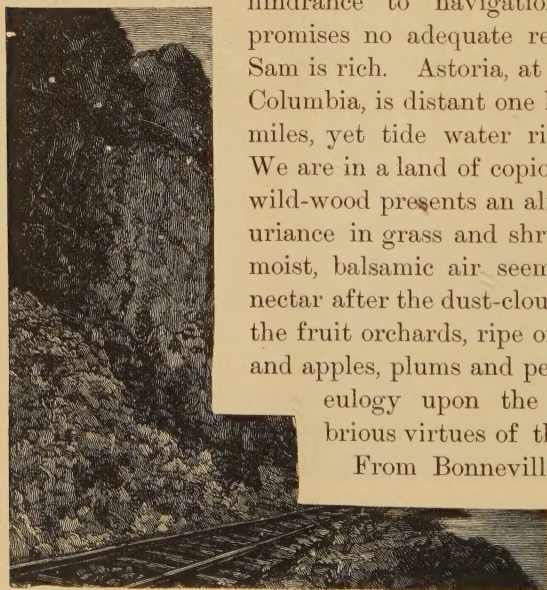
island that bears upon its lofty plain a grove of pines from verge to verge.

From above the Dalles the view is impressively sublime. The great continental flood roars and rushes between rocky ledges, torn and scarred by constant deluge. Madly it coils around the rugged capes, in chasing whirlpools, till caught once more in the current and borne along between the sculptured parapets of adamant. In the mid-distance, the foot-hills are quickly scaled by the gaze of the beholder, to rest on the overshadowing summits of the Cascades; but sight must vault again and then feast itself upon the snow-sheeted pinnacle of Mount Hood, where it lifts itself above the clouds, reaching the dizzy altitude of fourteen thousand feet! Look at the peerless spire which hangs its chaste adornment, in faultless symmetry of Doric gable, against the summer sky. It sets one thinking of the Palace of the King.

The setting of the river grows in grandeur. Narrowing to one fourth its usual width, the Columbia plunges down the gorge. High water obscures the swift descent, but when the flood subsides, tumbling, rock-torn rapids stretch from shore to shore. The Government are building locks to overcome this

hindrance to navigation. The project promises no adequate return; but Uncle Sam is rich. Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, is distant one hundred and fifty miles, yet tide water rises to this point. We are in a land of copious showers. The wild-wood presents an almost tropical luxuriance in grass and shrub and tree. The moist, balsamic air seems like refreshing nectar after the dust-clouds of the hills. In the fruit orchards, ripe or ripening peaches and apples, plums and pears proclaim their eulogy upon the balmy and salubrious virtues of the Pacific slope.

From Bonneville the scenery is superb. Towering peaks, rocky gorges, forest slopes, lovely



THE PALISADES, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

dells and leaping cascades follow in quick succession. Here, high above the river, we speed along the stately Palisades, hugging the beetling cliff which mounts sheer upward several hundred feet. Then crossing a wooded valley, our train heads for the frowning front of Gibraltar Heights. Keeping this course we would be dashed into a thousand fragments against its ramparts; but curving along its base, again the river riots on the right, and on the the left the battlemented rocks pile up their thousand feet. See how these walls are beautified with vines and lichens, ferns and flowers; and there a stream



GIBRALTAR HEIGHTS, COLUMBIA RIVER

drops over the canyon wall and falls in spray all down the side, watering the mosses which hang their long streamers as thickly as a maiden's tresses. The rock is hidden, and the grass-like growth gives to the wall the appearance of a meadow set on edge.

That over-hanging promontory we are nearing is Oneonta Bluff; and to catch a glimpse, in passing, of its matchless gorge, we must be alert. "There it is!" A narrow rift—eight hundred feet to yonder summit; and back in its mysterious depths where mosses wave their soft and undulating plumes, the Falls at Oneonta sink with muffled cadence into this sepulchral chasm. Across the river, Castle Rock, a citadel-like pile, resembling some feudal fortress, rears itself in solitary grandeur.

In the midst of all this magnificence, the bit that stands out as the incomparable masterpiece is Multnomah Falls. It burst upon me like a glimpse of Fairyland. The train halted to afford tourists an opportunity of a nearer and more satisfying view. Exquisite sight! The stream parts company with the trees on the summit, over 800 feet up yonder. Then the plunge begins; and the band of silvery foam spreads out its shining folds against the rock, and makes the gigantic leap: falling like gentle rain into a lovely embowered pool, into which we look



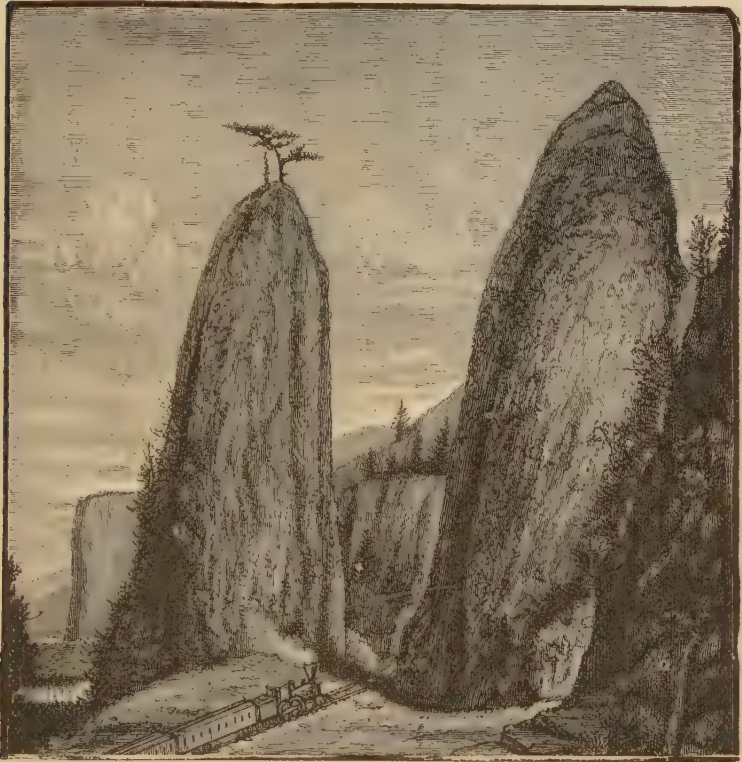
FLOATING WHEEL-NET.

SALMON FISHING, COLUMBIA RIVER.

from the rustic bridge on which we stand. Leaving this pool, there is a short leap, where the compact waters, with gathered energy, beat themselves into a turmoil at the foot. Garland the mountain side, where shines this gem, with mosses of richest tint and texture; let ferns find root in scores of crevices and interweave their graceful foliage; have trailing vines fling out their delicate festoons; then set the picture in a framework of trees and shrubs and flowers, and you have a canvas from the Hand Omnipotent that adorns the Art Gallery of the World.

The noble river beside us teems with salmon; but the floating fish-wheel scoops them up in thousands and drops them down the shoot, "below decks" in the scow. This strikes one

as altogether too voracious for the benefit of posterity. We must hurry on. Cape Horn, with its basaltic columns, on the other shore, attracts our notice; and here, beside us, the Bridal Veil Falls well earn their title, then hide behind the tree-tops. Now we take our way amid quaintly picturesque



PILLARS OF HERCULES, COLUMBIA RIVER.

surroundings. Towers and spires and columns, scattered about in grotesque confusion, suggest the crumbling ruins of dismantled castles. We issue from this strange domain, between the Pillars of Hercules—two shapely shafts, faithfully presented in the illustration. Suddenly we find ourselves in darkness travelling under Tunnel Rock. Then emerging, before us lies a plain; and, now, behind us are the Cascade Mountains. There on the bank stands Rooster Rock—the last outpost of the canyon. Here, the majestic Columbia is left behind, and an hour's run, across the country, brings us to Portland, Oregon, where float the argosies of every clime.

Strikingly "beautiful for situation" is the city. Ascending the slope, you obtain, from this commanding position, a far-



TUNNEL ROCK; COLUMBIA RIVER.

reaching survey of picturesque surroundings. Near by, and towering above the avenues of trees, are the homes of her merchant princes; and some, more palatial than the rest, are the mansions of millionaires. Foliage intrudes pleasingly in the prospect until we reach the massive blocks of masonry, where men crowd each other in the busy marts of com-

merce. A little further, and you see the long line of wharves, past which the winding Willamette flows, on its journey to the sea. Upon its bosom are widely-diverse craft: but, more imposing than the rest, are the huge merchantmen preparing for long errands across the ocean. The coast is distant one hundred miles; but the broad, deep waters of the Willamette and the Columbia, serve the like uses of the Thames to London; and the wide Pacific hails Portland as a seaport!



ROOSTER ROCK, COLUMBIA RIVER.



THE INVALID EXPLORER.

AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

II.



LIEUT. G. W. DELONG, U.S.N.

To reach the Pole and cross it, from continent to continent, has been the chief element in the problem which Arctic navigators have set themselves to solve. Whether this is ever to be accomplished admits of doubt; but if it is not, it will not be because there are not heroic spirits ready to attempt it, even at the risk of their lives. One would think that in view of three and a half centuries of ineffectual effort which have been devoted to this apparently impracticable

enterprise, it would have been abandoned as hopeless long ago. But we know that even so lately as 1879 the gentleman whose portrait stands at the head of this article led an expedition, the deliberate intention of which was nothing less than to reach the Pole. Even as recently as that it was not only thought possible to reach this *ultima thule* of geographical discovery, but to reach it by a dash, by the way of Behring Strait, in a single season. This was the opinion of Dr. Petermann, the eminent geographer, who held the theory that a way in that direction was kept open by the warm water of the Japan Current and also that Wrangell's Land would be found to be part of a continent crossing the Pole and re-appearing in Greenland.

We know now that the eminent geographer was mistaken. More recent discoveries have proved his theories to have been ill-founded. The Japan Current, if it flows into the Arctic

Ocean at all, has no perceptible influence in modifying the temperature of either the air or water. And Wrangell's Land, so far from being part of a continent, has been ascertained to be only an inconsiderable island. We know, too, that Lieut. DeLong, who was lured into making the attempt to reach the Pole by this particular route, not only failed, but miserably perished. And yet, although all these facts are matter of history, there are, doubtless, to-day scores, perhaps hundreds, of brave men ready to risk everything, even life itself, in another attempt to solve the polar problem, and so fulfil the cherished dream of the long succession of Arctic heroes who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of science.

All honour to these heroes. We may regret that so much enterprise and energy should be expended on what appears to be such a forbidding field, and that so many precious lives should be sacrificed in the attempt to accomplish that which may prove beyond the bounds of possibility. And yet we would not have it otherwise. It is not in human nature, in its highest and best forms, to own itself defeated so long as there is the opportunity to make another attempt, even with the bare possibility of success. And they are not the highest style of heroes whose efforts are limited by the utilitarianism which stops at every step to enquire whether it will pay, especially if the question is asked in the spirit of the market-place.

One is tempted to dwell on the history and tragical fate of the DeLong expedition, but the prescribed limits of this article renders this impracticable. To give anything like an adequate description of the terrible experiences of those dreary twenty-one months during which their ship, held in the relentless grasp of the pack, helplessly drifted at the mercy of the wind and the currents; of the still more painful experiences of the three months spent on the ice, and in their open boats after their ship had been abandoned and had gone down, and the heroic struggle in attempting to reach the nearest Siberian settlement, would require more than the entire space at my disposal. But happily these things are of too recent occurrence, and are too well known to all who are familiar with the newspaper and periodical literature of recent years, to require anything more than a passing reference in this place.

The sympathy of the world very naturally concentrates upon

Lieut. DeLong, Lieut. Chipp, and those of their comrades who perished in this attempt. But Chief Engineer Melville and Lieut. Denhower, though they were fortunate enough to escape the fate of their chief, have no less claim upon our admiration. They bore themselves no less heroically than did he. Indeed, the case of no other of these gentlemen appeals so strongly to our sympathy as that of Lieut. Denhower. A confirmed invalid, threatened with the loss of sight, subjected repeatedly to painful oculistic operations, and yet, even in the extremity of his weakness bearing himself as a hero, and, finally, by his science and sagacity saving himself and all on board by

guiding their frail craft into one of the mouths of the Lena, is certainly a sublime object.

One of the most remarkable men who have devoted themselves to this field of discovery was Charles F. Hall. The sympathy so widely felt for Sir John Franklin and his expedition never touched a more humane or braver heart. Though an humble mechanic, in the inland city of Cincinnati, earning a livelihood by working at his trade as an engraver, he devoted himself through nine long years to an elaborate



GEORGE W. MELVILLE,
Chief Engineer, U.S.N.

rate and arduous course of study preparatory to what appeared to him to be his special mission, to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and, in the event of any of them being alive, to rescue the survivors. And after all this preparation he actually set out on this perilous undertaking, comparatively speaking, alone and empty-handed. It is true Messrs. Williams and Harren, of New London, generously offered to carry the exploring party to Northumberland Inlet free of charge. But the whole expedition consisted of Hall himself and Kud-la-go,

an Eskimo, whom he had picked up in New London. Its outfit was made up of a boat, a sledge, twelve hundred pounds of pemmican and meat biscuit, a small supply of ammunition, and a few nautical instruments and thermometers. Before the ship had fairly entered the ice zone poor Kud-la-go, who had contracted a dangerous disease while passing through the Newfoundland fogs, died and was buried at sea; and the boat, on which Hall mainly depended for moving about in summer, was wrecked in a terrific gale. Yet, unmoved by any of these things, developing new strength and courage in every new conflict with difficulty, Hall went on, as the French phrase is, organizing victory out of defeat. He certainly had not the brilliant genius of Dr. Kane, but his patience and persistency of purpose knew no bounds.

Hall led no less than three different Arctic expeditions; the object of the first and second being the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the rescue of any of his expedition that might be found alive, and that of the third nothing less than the discovery of the North Pole. The first of these expeditions sailed from New London, on the 29th of May, 1860. On that occasion Hall spent two years in the Arctic regions, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Frobisher Bay. Though the main object of the expedition was not attained, much valuable work was done in the interest of science and history. Among other things, he discovered and accurately fixed the location of the English settlement attempted to be formed in that region by Sir Martin Frobisher, three hundred years ago. And, above all, he acquired a knowledge of the language and habits of the Eskimo, and an ability to adapt himself to their modes of life, which he had the sagacity to perceive were indispensable to the accomplishment of his principal purpose.

He returned to the United States in 1862, only for the purpose of making the necessary preparation for a more successful expedition which he had already planned. The times were unpropitious. The civil war was in progress. It was difficult to get any body interested in an expedition of this kind. But such were the enthusiasm and persistency of this remarkable man that he was enabled to turn his face again toward the North in 1864. His second expedition sailed in the *Monticello*, July 1st of that year. Its objective point was Boothia and

King William's Land, and its purpose "the final determination of all the mysterious matters relative to Sir John Franklin's expedition." The ship was furnished and provisioned for a cruise of two years and a half. She was fitted out as a whaler,



with a view of her paying the expense of the expedition. But a variety of untoward and vexatious occurrences, which would have driven a less courageous and patient man mad, made it necessary for him to spend five years among the Eskimos before his self-imposed task was accomplished.

With bulldog tenacity he adhered to his purpose, however,

until his work was done. He ascertained the fate of Sir John Franklin's ship from eye-witnesses; he gathered up a number of the relics of the lost; and he satisfied himself of the fact that every member of the expedition had perished. It was not until all this was accomplished that Hall turned his face again towards his native land, and reached New Bedford, September 26th, 1869.

Five years spent in the Arctic regions amid perpetual snow and ice, even in the most favourable circumstances, must be a severe ordeal. But Hall lived among Eskimos *as an Eskimo* during all these years. He had lived in a snow hut, or *igloo*, as the natives call it, before. But even to return to this sort of life after two years spent amid the refinements of civilization must have been a pretty severe trial.

The *igloo* is perhaps the best sort of dwelling that could be constructed, especially by a nomadic people, in this frigid region. It can be built in a very short time, and it affords very ample protection from the severity of the climate. The building of one of these unique dwellings is thus described by Hall :

"They first sounded or 'prospected' the snow with their seal spears, to find the most suitable for that purpose. Then one commenced sawing out snow-blocks with a handsaw from the space which the igloo was to occupy. The other Innuits proceeded to lay the walls, allowing each tier to fall in, dome-shaped, till the whole was completed; a square opening was cut in the rear of the dwelling. The women quickly erected the fire-stands, and soon had fire blazing and snow melting with which to slake our thirst. Shrubs kept for the purpose were evenly spread over the snow of the bed-place, over which was laid the canvas of my tent; and over all the furs forming the bed. Then the openings were sealed up, and all within were made happy in the enjoyment of comforts that could be hardly dreamed of by those at home."

It will be readily understood that after a fatiguing march of several miles over ice hummocks, with the temperature forty or fifty degrees below zero, such a resting-place would present an aspect of great comfort. But to live in one of these with a set of Eskimos, during a series of winters, is quite a different thing. Though Hall speaks so cheerfully of this sort of life, there were aspects of it which he must have found extremely trying. "Noble and generous," "simple and free-hearted," as he declares he found his new friends to be, there were some of their habits which must have pretty severely tested the power of his nerves.



PLAYING THE KEY-LOW-TIK.

As Prof. Nourse justly observes, "a self-adaptation to such habits, prolonged, too, through the period of five years, seems only explicable in connection with Hall's own statement that, to keep his health and accomplish anything, he must live like this people."

The Eskimos are not a musical people. Indeed none of the fine arts have been much cultivated among them, though they are not without some rudimentary sense of the beautiful. They have a natural genius for making charts of the coasts and islands visited by them, which mariners and explorers generally find correct. They have, too, an aptitude for drawing; and some of their rude pictures are not without considerable merit. But their only musical instrument is the key-low-tik, a sort of drum made of a piece of deerskin stretched over a hoop made of wood or bone, which is thus described.

"When the key-low-tik is played, the performer holds the drum in different positions and keeps it in a constant fan-like motion by his hand, and by the blows of the ken-toon, struck alternately on the opposite sides of the edge. Skilfully keeping the drum vibrating on the handle, he accompanies it with grotesque motions of the body and at intervals with a song, while the women sing their own Innuït songs, one after another, throughout the whole performance."

Our artist gives a spirited and excellent representation of this grotesque performance.

When Hall returned to the United States, in 1869, it was only to prepare for carrying out a still more ambitious project of Arctic exploration. He had long been meditating an attempt to reach the Pole. He had established a claim on the consideration and confidence of his countrymen. It is not surprising, therefore, that in 1870 an appropriation of \$50,000 was made by Congress for an expedition to the North Pole; and that eight days after the passage of the bill Hall received a commission as commander of the expedition.

The *Polaris*, a steamer of 375 tons, which had been specially fitted up for this expedition, sailed from New London, July 3rd, 1871. She had on board fourteen officers, including the scientific corps, a crew of fourteen persons, and Hall's two Eskimo friends. After an unusually prosperous voyage, on the 27th of August she crossed the parallel of Kane's Ransselaer Harbour, in higher latitude than reached on this route by any former expedition. On the 29th she reached her ultimate limit in latitude 82° 26' N. The compact ice, at this point, formed an impassable barrier.

In the absence of any harbour in which the *Polaris* could go into winter quarters, it was found impossible for her to hold her position. After having been almost crushed to pieces by an ice nip, which but for her extraordinary strength must have destroyed her, she succeeded in reaching a position somewhat sheltered by a bold cape and beside a huge iceberg which gave her additional security. To this enormous crystal mass, Hall gave the name of Providence Berg. The position in which the *Polaris* continued for many weary, anxious months will be seen in the accompanying cut.

On the 10th of October, having made the amplest provision in his power for the safety of the ship, Hall started on what proved to be his last journey. His object was to reconnoitre

and select the best route for his spring journey toward the Pole. He made some interesting discoveries during this trip.

AN ARCTIC FUNERAL.



From the high lands which he reached, north of what he named Newman Bay, in honour of the Rev. Dr. Newman, he saw land extending to a distance of about seventy miles. He found, too,

evidences that the country was much warmer than he had supposed. This he inferred from the fact that there were considerable tracts entirely bare of snow : and that the country abounded with life. Among the fauna he mentions geese, ducks, musk-cattle, rabbits, wolves, foxes, bears and lemmings.

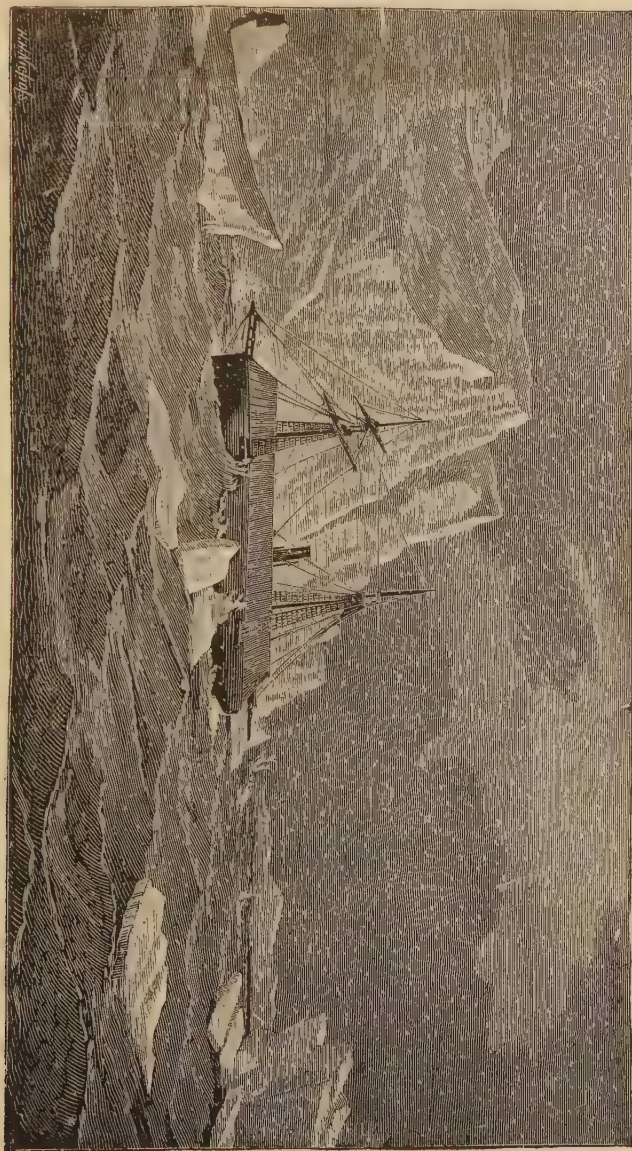
He returned to the ship on the 24th, after an absence of fourteen days, in excellent health and spirits. But his race was run and his work finished. He spoke encouragingly of the prospects of the expedition ; and remarked that in a couple of days he intended to start on another sledge journey. But shortly after his going on board the *Polaris* he was seized with violent vomiting, and it was soon found that his left side was paralysed. On November 6th he had another attack, from which he never rallied. He died on the 28th.

The subsequent history of the expedition is, in the main, one of defeat, disaster and suffering. The idea of making a vigorous attempt to reach the Pole was not abandoned. Several boat-journeys were projected, but in every case they ended in failure. The state of the *Polaris* became alarming. Indeed, on the 24th of May, a serious leak had been discovered, and before the close of June it was necessary to keep the pump going twelve hours in the twenty-four. On the 11th of August, baffled in its attempt to get further north, and with an almost sinking ship, the expedition reluctantly turned its face toward home. The ice pack was entered only two days afterward, from which the ship was never disengaged until she was driven ashore on the 16th of October. The night before she went ashore, the threatening state of the ice and the sinking condition of the ship made it necessary to take special measures for the safety of the expedition. Amid the violence of the storm, the darkness of the night, and the grinding of the ice, provisions and stores were ordered to be thrown out upon the floe to which the ship was made fast. This work was done with extraordinary rapidity. But before it was completed, the ice-anchors gave away, the *Polaris* was adrift—separated forever from the floe, on which nineteen members of the expedition remained.

It was not until the 30th of April that the company on the floe was rescued, after having spent the whole of an Arctic winter on the floating ice. It is the judgment of competent officers, that nothing in all history has equalled the preserva-

tion of this ice-floe party. Even a newly-born infant that was among them was saved. Six weeks after the rescue of this party, by the *Tigress*, of Conception Bay, Newfoundland, that

"POLARIS" ADRIFT.



left on board the *Polaris* commenced its southward journey. On the 3rd of June, 1872, the two boats' crews left the *Polaris* house, lat. $78^{\circ} 23' 30''$ N., long. $73^{\circ} 21' 10''$, where they had spent

the winter, and stood down the coast with a fair wind. Twenty days later they were rescued by the *Ravensraig*, of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, and all in due time reached their homes in their native land.

No reference to Hall's Arctic explorations would be complete that omitted all mention of his Eskimo friends, Ebierbing and his wife Too-koo-lo-too, otherwise known as Joe and Hannah. Joe was a famous hunter and pilot, the latter was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and goodness of heart. They had been taken by a captain of a whaler to England, where they had spent twenty months, during which they were the objects of a great deal of attention. They dined with Prince Albert, and were presented to the Queen. They both learned English. Joe spoke it quite intelligibly, and Hannah almost perfectly.

Hall became acquainted with this interesting couple on his first visit to the Arctic regions, and from that time they became his constant companions. Joe, by his fidelity as a servant, and his skill as a hunter, in many instances saved the expedition from starvation. Hannah rendered Hall invaluable service as an interpreter; and to her intelligence and womanly qualities it is evident he was indebted for whatever of comfort he enjoyed. She, with her husband, stood by him to the end of his life, and at his grave she might be said to be his only mourner. After his remains were placed in the grave, and the burial service was read, it is touchingly said by one who was present, "Nothing more was heard but the earth falling upon the coffin, and the sobs of Hannah."

This little Eskimo was a true woman, with an affectionate nature, and the maternal instincts strongly developed. Her grief for the loss of her own babe, and her affection and care for a babe that she adopted, are among the most pathetic incidents of her history. In some of Hall's earliest sledge journeys this brave little woman acted as leader and went before, tracking for the dogs. She could use the rifle, too, when there was occasion. But nothing illustrates her character so fully as her heroic conduct on the ice-floe. The company that was separated from the *Polaris* on that eventful night were saved by these Eskimos. Without Joe they must have perished from starvation during that fearful drift of more than 1200 miles. It was his gun and spear which alone saved them.

When the floe was drifting past Cumberland Sound, and was nearly opposite their native place, the temptation presented itself to Joe and his wife to escape to the mainland. "Father Hall" was gone from them, and at that time they had just grounds for fear that in the almost famishing condition of the white men some of them should make the Eskimo the first victims, should the direst necessity come. Hannah resolutely resisted all such considerations, and, like a true woman, strengthened her husband's purpose to remain. Thus by the



THE MARCH-SOUTHWARD.

firmness of principle, and essential goodness of this woman, belonging to an uncivilized race, the lives of this whole party were evidently saved.

Hannah died in Croton, Connecticut, where she had found a home during the latter years of her life, December 31st, 1876, at the early age of thirty-eight. But it is satisfactory to know that she had become a true Christian; read her Bible, and lived a pure and good life, and finally died in the triumphs of faith. Among her last words was the petition, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take Thy poor creature home."

GRIMSBY PARK—PAST AND PRESENT.



GRIMSBY PARK, comprising 100 acres, laid out on the west shore of Lake Ontario, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway (Southern Division), and about midway between Hamilton and Niagara Falls, is a point of rare beauty.

There is probably no other campground in Canada possessing the historic and religious interest of this time-honoured Assembly. Long before the days of modern summer resorts, it was a place of gathering for the tribes of our spiritual Israel. Many and marvellous were the displays of revival power there manifested, and many throughout the country look to it with devout gratitude as the place of their spiritual birth into the new life of the Gospel. Memories of the successful ministry of such God-honoured evangelistic labourers as Dr.

and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, and of many of the older ministers of Methodism, invest with imperishable interest this sacred grove. We once heard the golden-mouthed Punshon preach one of his soul-stirring sermons at the close of a camp-meeting with thrilling effect.

There for the first time we witnessed the interesting ceremony of leave-taking and "breaking up the camp." Every person on the ground, except the few who were detained in the tents by domestic duties, joined in a procession, and walked two and two, headed by the preachers, round and round the inside of the encampment, singing such hymns and marching songs as—

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,

with its grand refrain, in which every voice pealed forth in ringing chorus—

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

But though they might sing heartily, "Let every tear be dry," there were few that succeeded in fulfilling the pledge. Their hearts, filled and thrilled with deep emotion, were like a beaker brimming with water, which the slightest jar causes to overflow. Often the most joyous songs were sung with tears in the voice, and frequently with tears flowing from the eyes. Beyond the parting here, they looked to the great gathering in the Father's house on high, and sang with deepest feeling—

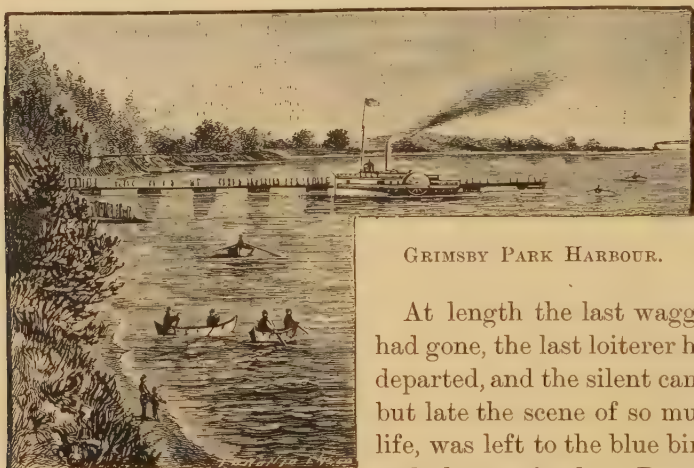
And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round His throne we meet !

Yes, Methodism *is* an emotional religion, and thank God for such hallowed emotions as stir the soul to its deepest depths—as break up the life-long habit of sin—as lead to intense conviction and sound conversion—and as fill the heart with joy unspeakable and very full of glory. It may well bear the reproach of being "emotional," if these emotions lead to such blessed and enduring results.

At length the preachers all took their place in front of the pulpit or preacher's stand, and shook hands with every member of the procession as they passed by. After this the procession continued to melt away, as it were, those walking at the head falling out of rank and forming in single line around the encampment, still shaking hands in succession with those marching, till every person on the ground had shaken hands with everybody else—an evolution difficult to describe intelligently to one who has never witnessed it ; yet one that is very easily and very rapidly performed. The greeting was a mutual pledge of brotherhood and Christian fellowship. Warm and fervent were the hand-clasps, and touching and tender the farewells. Then the doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the camp-meeting was over. This farewell meeting is still continued at the closing exercises of the great summer gathering at Grimsby Park, and with increased numbers.

All this had taken place by noon, or shortly after. Soon a

great change passed over the scene. It was like coming down from a Mount of Transfiguration to the every-day duties of life. The last meal in camp was hastily prepared and eaten—some-what, as we may imagine, was the last meal of the Israelites before the Exodus. The afternoon was full of bustle and activity, breaking up the encampment, loading up teams, and the driving away to their respective homes of the people who, for over a week, had held their Feast of Tabernacles to the Lord.



GRIMSBY PARK HARBOUR.

At length the last waggon had gone, the last loiterer had departed, and the silent camp, but late the scene of so much life, was left to the blue birds and the squirrels. But in many a distant home, and in many a human heart, the germs of a new life had been planted, to bring forth fruit unto life eternal.

Very different is the appearance of Grimsby Park to-day. Instead of the rude sheds, dignified with the name of "tents," are groups of elegant cottages, of villa-like proportions and ornate character, or rows of graceful canvas structures, almost rivalling them in taste and beauty. An exquisite little park, winding walks, a pond with water plants, and at night the brilliance of the electric lights, all attest the march of improvement in these latter days. There are those who say that in one respect, at least, the former days were better than these—that there were manifestations of divine power such as are not witnessed at the modern assembly. This is possibly true. But we must take into account the different circumstances under which they are held. The old-fashioned camp-meetings were

held for only a week and for a sole and definite purpose—the salvation of souls. This was the burden of prayer for weeks before on all the adjacent circuits, and preachers and people came up to the Feast of Tabernacles full of holy expectation—and they were not disappointed.

The modern summer assembly lasts for two or three months. Weary toilers from the cities' crowded hives come for rest and recuperation of body and mind. The same high-strung spiritual tension cannot be maintained for two or three months that was possible for a week or two. So it is quite probable that intense religious emotions may not be a general characteristic, as during the "old-fashioned camp-meetings."



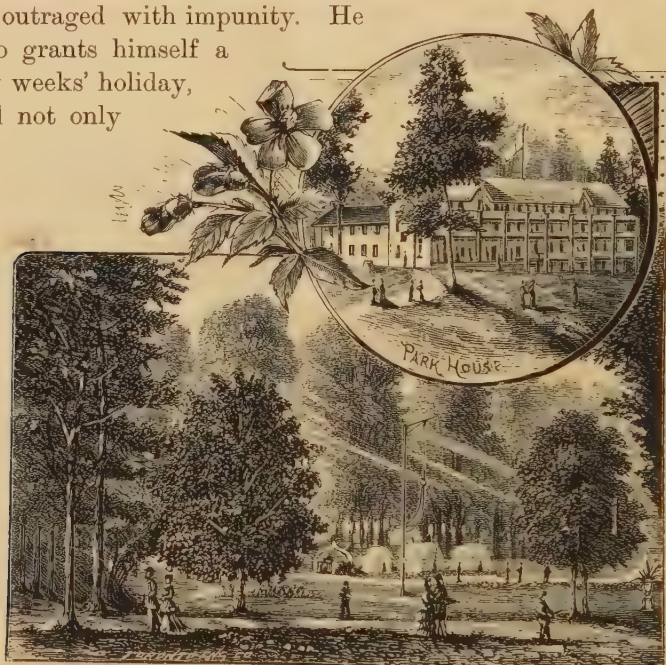
BOAT AND BATH HOUSES, GRIMSBY PARK.

But God does not leave Himself without a witness. He is still present in the assembly of His saints. The same old ringing songs are heard, the same glad Amens and Hallelujahs abound. The convicting and converting and sanctifying power of the Gospel is still felt.

It has become a necessity of modern life that the o'er-strung bow shall be unbent, that men in business take a brief holiday from toil, that ladies and children find respite from the exactions of society and school. Till recently the chief places of summer resort were scenes of fashionable dissipation and folly, which no Christian could visit without impairment of his spiritual health. Thanks to the management of such assemblies as

Grimsby Park, Wesley Park, St. Lawrence Camp-ground, and others of the sort, ample provision is made for rest and recreation under religious influences, and heads of households may leave their families in such places with the confidence that the moral, social, intellectual and religious influences surrounding them shall be in the highest degree helpful and wholesome.

Where will you spend your vacation? is a question frequently asked by those who desire a brief respite from grinding toil, harassing cares, and exhausting brain-work. Nature cannot be outraged with impunity. He who grants himself a few weeks' holiday, will not only



GRIMSBY PARK, FOREST VIEW.

live longer, but do more work than he who drudges from January to December. Grimsby Park is one of the most beautiful places in the Dominion to spend the summer. Throughout the day it is pleasantly cool and refreshing, and at evening-time it is a beautiful sight to see the avenues, auditorium, tabernacle and lake front brilliantly lighted by electricity.

The Directors of the Ontario Methodist Camp Ground Co. are doing all in their power to promote the moral, intellectual and religious welfare of the thousands who annually assemble here from the United States and Canada. Recreation is indispens-

able, but it is NOT necessary to have what a certain class call "amusements;" there is a tendency in this direction amounting to dissipation in its worst forms. The mind may be unbent in ways less perilous. The engravings that accompany this article will, better than any description, indicate the character of the place and its surroundings.

Grimsby Park programme for 1886 surpasses any previous year in its healthful variety and solid excellency. The service of song will again be led by the Whyte Brothers. These charming vocalists have thrilled immense audiences throughout Canada and the United States. Among the preachers and lecturers for the season will be T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Chancellor Sims, LL.D., Chaplain McCabe, D.D., H. W. Milburn, D.D., of Washington, the famous blind preacher; Chaplain Searles, D.D., of Auburn State Prison; F. C. Iglehart, and a whole host of Canadians.



S I L E N C E.

O GOLDEN Silence, bid our souls be still,
 And on the foolish fretting of our care
 Lay thy soft touch of healing unaware!
 Once, for a half-hour, even in heaven the thrill
 Of the clear harpings ceased the air to fill
 With soft reverberations. Thou wert there,
 And all the shining seraphs owned thee fair—
 A white, hushed Presence on the heavenly hill,
 Bring us thy peace, O Silence! Song is sweet;
 Tuneful is baby laughter, and the low
 Murmur of dying winds among the trees,
 And dear the music of Love's hurrying feet;
 Yet only he who knows thee, learns to know
 The secret soul of loftiest harmonies.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

III.

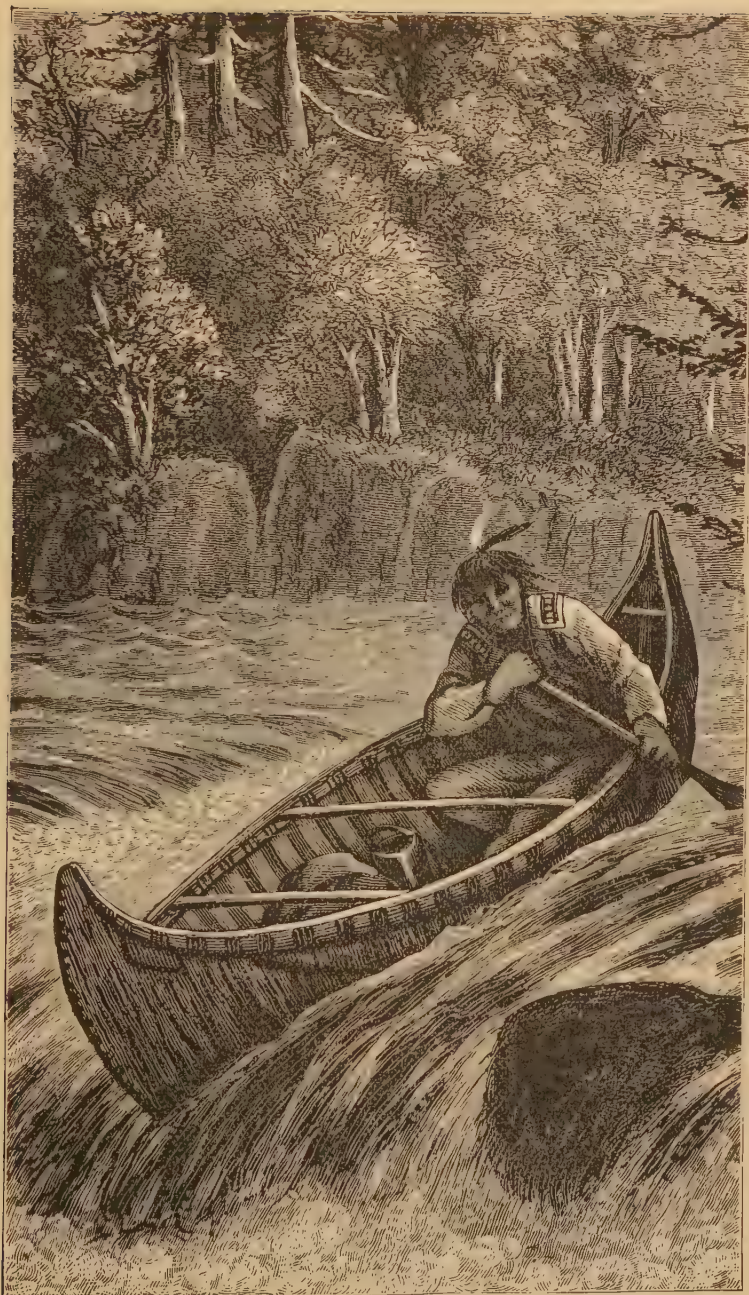
CANOE LIFE.*

SUMMER in the Fur Land treads so closely upon the heels of winter as to leave but little standing room for spring. About the second week in April the earth begins to soften. During the following week the days grow soft and warm. A few days later, the river, which hitherto has resisted all the advances of spring, begins to show symptoms of yielding at last to her soft entreaties. With the coming of the delicate flowers and bloom of early May, it gives way suddenly and throws off its icy mask. The red man lifts his birch-bark canoe from its resting-place, and launches it upon the flood. The canoe is part of the savage. After generations of use, it has grown into the economy of his life. What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Esquimaux, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the materials requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

“And the forest life is in it—
 All its mystery and magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews,
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily.”

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances over land from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the

* This article is abridged from a graphic sketch of canoe life, in the North-West by H. M. Robinson.

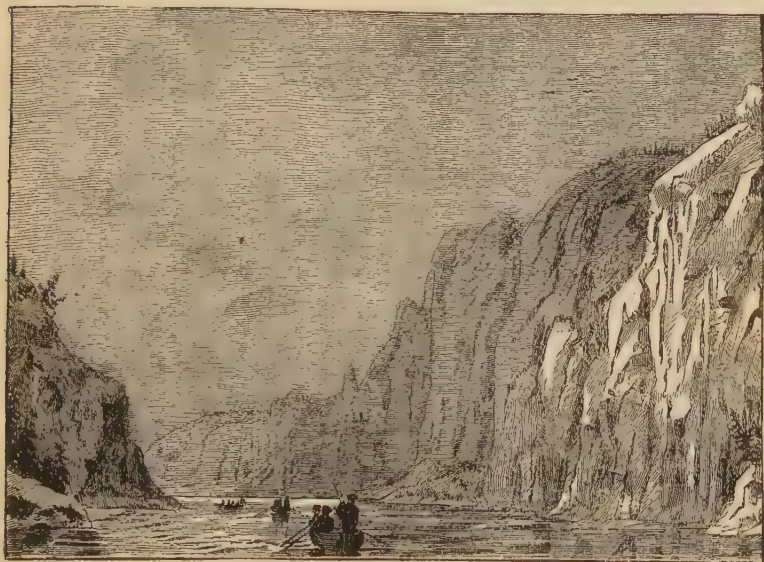


SHOOTING A RAPID.



broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing



A NORTHERN RIVER.

torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over land where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail bark, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet

long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

In the old life of the wilderness the canoe played an important part, and the half-breed *voyageur* was a skilful rival of the red man in its management. Before the consolidation of the Fur Companies,* when rival corporations contended for the possession of the trade of the Fur Land, the echoes along the river reaches and gloomy forests were far oftener and more loudly awakened than now. The North-west Company, having its headquarters in Montreal, imported its entire supplies into the country and exported all its furs out of it in north canoes. Carrying on business upon an extended scale, the traffic was correspondingly great. Not less than ten brigades, each numbering twenty canoes, passed over the route during the summer months. The first half of the journey, over the great lakes, was made in very large canoes, known as *canotes de maitre*. These canoes were of the largest size, exceeding the north canoe in length by several feet, besides being much broader and deeper, and were paddled by fourteen or sixteen *voyageurs*.

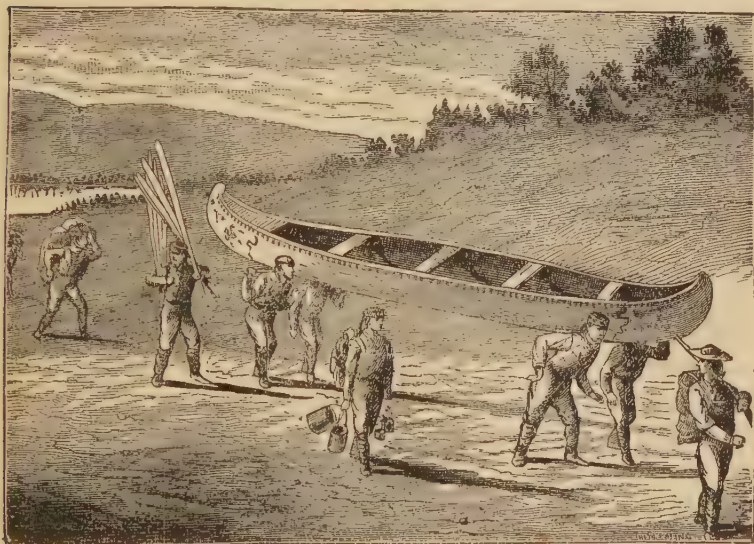
The north canoe, the ideal craft of the summer *voyageur*, is a light and graceful vessel, about thirty-six feet long by four or five broad, and capable of containing eight men and three passengers. Made entirely of birch-bark, it is gaudily painted on bow and stern with those mystical figures which the superstitious boatmen believe to increase its speed. In this fairy-like craft the traveller sweeps swiftly over the long river-reaches; the bright vermilion paddles glancing in the sunshine, and the forests echoing back the measures of some weird boat-song, sung by the *voyageurs* in full chorus; now floating down a swiftly-rushing rapid, again gliding over the surface of a quiet lake, or making a portage over land where a rapid is too dangerous to descend.

Those who have not seen it can have but a faint idea of the picturesque effects of these passing canoe-brigades. Sweeping suddenly round some promontory in the wilderness, they burst unexpectedly upon the view, like some weird phantom of mirage. At the same moment the wild yet simple *chansons* of the *voyageurs* strike upon the ear:

* The Hudson's Bay, North-west and X. Y. Companies.

“ Qui en a composé la chanson ?
C'est Pierre Falcon ! le bon garçon !
Elle a été faite et composé
Sur le victoire que nous avons gagné !
Elle a été faite et composé
Chantons la gloire de tous ces Bois-brulés ! ”

Sung with all the force of a hundred voices ; which, rising and falling in soft cadences in the distance, as it is borne lightly upon the breeze, then more steadily as they approach, swells out in the rich tones of many a mellow voice, and bursts at last



MAKING A PORTAGE.

into a long, enthusiastic chorus. The deep forests and precipitous banks echo back the refrain in varying volume ; the long line of canoes is half shrouded in the spray that flies from the bright vermilion paddles, as they are urged over the water with the speed of the flying deer, until, sweeping round some projecting headland, they disappear, like “the baseless fabric of a dream.”

But the winged passage of these birds of flight conveys but a faint idea of the sensation experienced on witnessing the arrival of a brigade at an inland post after a long journey. It is then they appear in all their wild perfection ; and the spectator

catches a glimpse of the supreme picturesqueness of the Fur Land. The *voyageurs* upon such occasions are attired in their most bewildering apparel, and gaudy feathers, ribbons and tassels stream in abundance from their caps and garters. Gayly ornamented, and ranged side by side, like contending chariots in the arena, the frail canoes skim like birds of passage over the water; scarcely seeming to touch it under the vigorous and rapid strokes of the small but numerous paddles by which the powerful *voyageurs* strain every muscle and nerve to urge them on. The beautifully simple, lively, yet plaintive *chanson*, so much in unison with, that it seems a part of, the surrounding scenery, and yet so different from any other melody, falls sweetly upon the ear. On its nearer approach, it changes into a feeling of exultation, as the deep manly voices swell in chorus over the placid waters—the “Marseillaise” of the wilderness.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettles, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy *voyageurs* step lightly in. All but one. He remains on shore to steady the bark on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffets with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to its further progress; again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water: and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the *voyageur* in the bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling waters before him, dashes

into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

Frequently the ascent is not made without mishap. Sometimes the canoe runs against a stone, and tears a small hole in the bottom. This obliges the *voyageurs* to put ashore immediately and repair the damage. They do it swiftly and with admirable dexterity. Into the hole is fitted a piece of bark;



TRACKING.

the fibrous roots of the pine tree sew it in its place, and the place pitched so as to be water-tight, all within an hour. Again, the current is too strong to admit of the use of paddles, and recourse is had to poling, if the stream be shallow, or tracking if the depth of water forbid the use of poles. The latter is an extremely toilsome process, and would detract much from the romance of canoe-life in the wilderness were it not for the beautiful scenery through which the traveller passes. Tracking, as it is called, is dreadfully harassing work. Half the crew go ashore, and drag the boat slowly along, while the other half go asleep. After an hour's walk, the others take their turn, and so on, alternately, during the entire day.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the

operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. True, all the perpendicular falls have to be "portaged," and in a day's journey of forty miles, from twelve to fifteen portages have to be made. But the rapids are as smooth water to the hardy *voyageurs*, who, in anything less than a perpendicular fall, seldom lift the canoe from the water. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful *voyageur* sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The hand of the bowsman becomes a living intelligence as, extended behind him, it motions the steersman where to turn the craft. The latter never takes his eye off that hand for an instant. Its varied expression becomes the life of the canoe.

The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockle-shell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery, and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow, paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

It is owing to the vast amount of handling, necessitated by the numerous portages intervening between the depot-forts and even the nearest inland districts, that the packing of merchandise becomes a matter of so great importance. The facility with which the pieces are handled by the muscular tripmen is very remarkable—a boat being loaded, with seventy-five pieces, by its crew of nine men in five minutes, and presenting a neat, orderly appearance upon completion of the operation.

In crossing a portage, each boatman is supposed to be equal to the task of carrying two pieces, of 100 pounds each, upon his

back. These loads are carried in such a manner as to allow the whole strength of the body to be put into the work. A broad leather band, called a "portage strap," is placed round the forehead, the ends of which strap, passing over the shoulders, support the pieces. When fully loaded, the *voyageur* stands with his body bent forward, and with one hand steadying the pieces he trots nimbly away over the steep and rock-strewn portage, his bare or moccasined feet enabling him to pass briskly over the slippery rocks in places where boots would inevitably send both tripman and load feet-foremost to the bottom. In the frequent unloading of the vessel, the task of raising the pieces and placing them upon the backs of the muscular *voyageurs* devolves upon the steersman; and the task of raising seventy-five packages of one hundred pounds' weight from a position below the feet to a level with the shoulders, demands a greater amount of muscle than is possessed by the average man.

But the old canoe-life of the Fur Land is rapidly passing away. In many a once well-beaten pathway, nought save narrow trails over the portages, and rough wooden crosses over the graves of travellers who perished by the way, remain to mark the roll of the passing years.

TRUE LIVING.

I THINK God sometimes sends what we have cried for,
Year after year in vain,
To prove to us how poor the things we've sighed for,
And how beset with pain.
The human heart can know no greater trial
Than comes with this confession,
That the continued sorrow of denial
Was better than possession.

We are like children in our poor unreason,
As we reach after joys
That at the best can please but for a season,
And then are broken toys.
If we would only walk the paths of duty,
Humbly and with thanksgiving,
Our hearts would learn in lessons full of beauty
The secrets of true living.

—*Advance.*

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IX.—JAN AT HIS POST.

WITH a great sigh of content Jan resigned himself to rest when parting was over; and *The Lapwing*, with wind and tide in her favour, went almost flying down the black North Sea. The motion of the vessel and the scent of the salt breeze were like his mother's lap and his native air. He had cast off his old life like an old garment. Michael Snorro and Dr. Balloch were the only memories of it he desired to carry into his new one. But at the first hour he could not even think of them. He only wanted to sleep.

Very soon sleep came to him, steeped him from head to feet in forgetfulness, lulled him fathoms deep below the tide of life and feeling. It was after twelve the next noon when he opened his eyes. Lord Lynne was sitting at the cabin table just opposite his berth. It took Jan two or three moments to remember where he was, and during them Lord Lynne looked and smiled at him. Jan smiled back a smile frank and trustful as a child's. It established his position at once. Lord Lynne had been wondering what that position would be, and he was decided to let Jan's unconscious behaviour settle it. The face that Jan turned to Lord Lynne was just such a face as he would have turned to Snorro—it trusted every thing, it claimed every thing, and every thing was given it.

"You have had your health-sleep, Vedder: I dare say you are hungry now?"

"Very hungry," answered Jan. "Is it breakfast time?"

"You mean is it lunch time? You will have to put two meals into one."

My lord had his lunch while Jan ate his breakfast, and a very pleasant meal they made of it. Jan improved with every hour's flight, and he would gladly have left his berth had Lord Lynne permitted it.

"At Aberdeen," he said, "you shall go ashore, and see a physician. Dr. Balloch thinks that he has treated you properly, but I promised him to make sure of it."

The decision at Aberdeen was highly favourable. Jan was assured that he might be on deck a few hours every day, with great advantage to his health. They remained in Aberdeen two days. On the second day a trunk bearing his name was brought on board. Lord Lynne was on shore at the time, but his valet had it taken to Jan's room and opened. It contained a quantity of linen and clothing.

Jan had a love for good clothing. He felt its influence, and without reasoning about the matter, felt that it influenced every one else. When he had put on the linen, and a yachting suit with its gilt buttons, and had knotted the handkerchief at his neck, he felt that in all eyes he was a different being from Vedder the fisherman.

It would have been a difficult matter to Lord Lynne to have given clothing to some men, but Jan had not a vulgar feeling. He made no protestations, no excuses, no promises of repayment; he was not offensively demonstrative in his gratitude. He took the gift, as the gift had been given, with pleasure and confidence, and he looked handsome and noble in every thing he put on.

Lord Lynne was proud of him. He liked to see his crew watch Jan. He encouraged his valet to tell him what they said of him. Every one had invented some romance about the yacht's visitor; no one supposed him to be of less than noble birth. The cook had a theory that he was some prince who had got into trouble with his father. The secrecy with which he had been brought on board at midnight, his scarcely healed wound, the disguise of a fisherman's dress, were all regarded as positive proofs of some singular and romantic adventure. On board *The Lapwing* Jan was the central point of every man's interest and speculations.

And at this time, even Lord Lynne was a little in the dark regarding Jan. Dr. Balloch had only spoken of him as a young man going to ruin for want of some friends. Incidentally he had alluded to his matrimonial troubles, and one evening when they were walking, he had pointed out Margaret Vedder. She was standing on the Troll Rock looking seaward. The level rays of the setting sun fell upon her. She stood, as it were, in a glory; and Lord Lynne had been much struck with her noble figure and with the set melancholy of her fine face.

So he knew that Jan had had trouble about his wife, and also that he had been wounded in a fight; and putting the two things together he made a perfectly natural inference. He was aware, also, that Margaret was Peter Fae's daughter and a probable heiress. If he thought of Jan's social position, he doubtless considered that only a Shetland gentleman would aspire to her hand. But he made no effort whatever to gain Jan's confidence; if he chose to give it he would do so at the proper time, and without it they were very happy. For Lord Lynne had been a great traveller, and Jan never wearied of hearing about the places he had visited. With a map before him, he would follow every step up and down Europe. And across Asian seas, through Canadian cities, and the great plains of the West, the two men in memory and imagination went together.

Nothing was said of Jan's future; he asked no questions,

gave no hints, exhibited no anxiety. At Margate the yacht went into harbour. Lord Lynne expected letters there, which he said would decide his movements for the winter. He was silent and anxious when he landed; he was in a mood of reckless but assumed indifference when he came on board again.

After dinner he spread the large map on the saloon table, and said: "Vedder, what do you say to a few months' cruise in the Mediterranean? I am not wanted at home, and I should like to show you some of the places we have talked about. Suppose we touch at the great Spanish ports, at Genoa, Venice, Naples and Rome, and then break the winter among the Isles of Greece and the old Ionian cities?"

Jan's face beamed with delight; there was no need for him to speak.

"And," continued his lordship, "as I sleep a great deal in warm climates, I shall want a good sailor aboard. I saw by the way you handled the yacht during that breeze in The Wash, that you are one. Will you be my lieutenant this winter? I will pay you £100 a quarter; that will keep you in pocket money."

"That will be a great deal of money to me, and I shall be very glad to earn it so pleasantly."

"Then that settles the matter for a few months—when we get back it will be time to buckle to work. Heigh-ho! Lieutenant, head *The Lapwing* for the Bay of Biscay, and we will set our faces toward sunshine."

At Gibraltar Lord Lynne evidently expected letters, but they did not come. Every mail he was anxious and restless, every mail he was disappointed. At length he seemed to relinquish hope, and *The Lapwing* proceeded on her voyage. One night they were drifting slowly off the coast of Spain. The full moon shone over a tranquil sea, and the wind blowing off shore filled the sails with the perfume of orange blossoms. Lord Lynne had sent that day a boat into Valencia, hoping for letters, and had been again disappointed. As he walked the deck with Jan in the moonlight, he said sadly, "I feel much troubled to-night, Jan."

"Ever since we were in Gibraltar I have seen that thou hast some trouble, my lord. And I am very sorry for thee; my own heart is aching to-night; for that reason I can feel for thy grief too."

"I wonder what trouble could come to a man hid away from life in such a quiet corner of the world as Shetland?"

"There is no corner too quiet, or too far away, for a woman to make sorrow in it."

"By every thing! You are right, Jan."

There was a few minutes' silence, and then Jan said: "Shall I tell thee what trouble came to me through a woman in Shetland?"

"I would like to hear about it."

Then Jan began. He spoke slowly and with some hesitation at first. His youth was connected with affairs about which the Shetlanders always spoke cautiously. His father had been one of the boldest and most successful of the men who carried on that "French Trade" which the English law called smuggling. He had made money easily, had spent it lavishly, and at the last had gone to the bottom with his ship, rather than suffer her to be taken. His mother had not long survived her husband, but there had been money enough left to educate and provide for Jan until he reached manhood.

"I was ten years old when mother died," he continued, "and since then no one has really loved me but Michael Snorro. I will tell thee how our love began. One day I was on the pier watching the loading of a boat. Snorro was helping with her cargo, and the boys were teasing him, because of his clumsy size and ugly face. One of them took Snorro's cap off his head and flung it into the water. I was angry at the coward and flung him after it, nor would I let him out of the water till he brought Snorro's cap with him. I shall never forget the look Snorro gave me that hour. Ever since we have been close friends. I will tell thee now how he hath repaid me for that deed."

Then Jan spoke of Margaret's return from school; of their meeting at one Fisherman's Foy, and of their wedding at the next. All of Peter's kindness and subsequent injustice; all of Margaret's goodness and cruelty, all of Snorro's affection and patience he told. He made nothing better nor worse. His whole life, as he knew and could understand it, he laid before Lord Lynne.

"And so thou sees," he concluded, "how little to blame and how much to blame I have been. I have done wrong and I have suffered. Yes, I suffer yet, for I love my wife and she has cast me off. Dost thou think I can ever be worthy of her?"

"I see, Jan, that what you said is true—in any corner of the earth where women are, they can make men suffer. As to your worthiness, I know not. There are some women so good, that only the angels of heaven could live with them. That £600 was a great mistake."

"I think that now."

"Jan, life is strangely different and yet strangely alike. My experience has not been so very far apart from yours. I was induced to marry, when only twenty-one, a lady who is my inferior in rank, but who is a very rich woman. She is a few years older than I, but she is beautiful, full of generous impulses, and well known for her charitable deeds."

"You are surely fortunate."

"I am very unhappy."

"Does she not love thee?"

"Alas! she loves me so much that she makes both her own and my life miserable."

"That is what I do not understand."

"Her love is a great love, but it is a selfish love. She is willing that I should be happy in her way, but in no other. I must give her not only my affection, but my will, my tastes, my duties to every other creature. My friends, horses, dogs, even this yacht, she regards as enemies; she is sure that every one of them takes the thought and attention she ought to have. And the hardest part is, that her noble side only is seen by the world. I alone suffer from the fault that spoils all. Consequently the world pities her, and looks upon me very much as the people of Lerwick looked on you."

This confidence brought the two men near together. Lord Lynne and Jan talked of "My Lady" in Lynnton Castle, and of Margaret Vedder in her Shetland home, but the conversations were not in the main unkind ones. Very early in them Lynne told Jan how he had once seen his wife standing on the Troll Rock at sunset, "lovely and grand, and melancholy, as some forsaken goddess in her desolated shrine."

They were sitting at the time among the ruins of a temple to Pallas. The sun was setting over Lydian waters, and Jan seemed to see in the amber rays a vision of the tall, fair woman of his love and dreams. She ruled him yet. From the lonely island of that forlorn sea she called him. Not continents nor oceans could sever the mystical tie between them. The home-love was busy in his heart. "Until death us part."

Amid the loveliest scenes of earth they passed the winter months. It was far on in May when they touched Gibraltar on their return. Letters for both were waiting there. For Jan a short one from Dr. Balloch, and a long one from Michael Snorro. He was sitting with Snorro's letter in his hand when Lord Lynne, bright and cheerful, came out of his cabin. "I have very fair news, Jan; what has the 'mail brought you?" he asked.

"Seldom it comes for nothing. I have heard that my mother-in-law is dead. She was ever my friend, and I am so much the poorer. Peter Fae too is in trouble; he is in trouble about me. Wilt thou believe that the people of Lerwick think he may have——"

"Murdered you?"

"Yes, just that."

"I have often thought the suspicion would be a natural one. Has he been arrested?"

"No, no; but he is in bad esteem. Some speak not to him. The minister, though, he stands by him."

"That is enough. If Dr. Balloch thought it necessary, he would say sufficient to keep Peter Fae out of danger. A little popular disapproval will do him good. Let Peter suffer a little. I am not sorry for him."

"Once he liked me, and was kind to me."

"Jan! We are now going straight to Margate. I am promised office, and shall probably be a busy public man soon. It is time also that you buckled down to your work. We have had our holiday and grown strong in it—every way strong. What next?"

"Thou speak first."

"Well, you see, Jan, men must work if they would be rich, or even respectable. What work have you thought of?"

"Only of the sea. She is my father and my mother and my inheritance. Working on land, I am as much out of place as a fish out of water."

"I think you are right. Will you join the Merchant Service, or do you think better of the Royal Navy? I have a great deal of influence with the Admiralty Lords, and I have often wished I could be a 'blue jacket' myself."

"Above all things, I would like the Royal Navy."

"Then you shall be a 'blue jacket'; that is quite settled and well settled, I am sure. But every moment will take time, and it will probably be winter before I can get you a post on any squadron likely to see active service. During the interval I will leave *The Lapwing* in your care, and you must employ the time in studying the technical part of your profession. I know an old captain in Margate who will teach you all he knows, and that is all that any of them know."

Jan was very grateful. The prospect was a pleasant one and the actual experience of it more than fulfilled all his expectations. *The Lapwing* was his home and his study. For he soon discovered how ignorant he was. Instruction in naval warfare was not all he needed. Very soon the old captain was supplemented by the schoolmaster. The days were too short for all Jan wished to learn. He grudged the hours that he spent in sleep. So busy was he that he never noticed the lapse of time, or, if he did, it was only that he might urge himself to greater efforts.

It did not trouble him that Lord Lynne seldom wrote, and never came. His salary was promptly paid, and Jan was one of the kind of men who do not worry over events.

When a change came it was the first week in November. A lovely afternoon had not tempted Jan from his books. Suddenly the cabin door was darkened; he lifted his head, and saw Lord Lynne regarding him with a face full of pleasure. He came rapidly forward and turned over the volumes on the table with great interest. "I am glad to see these books, Jan," he

said,—“Arithmetic, Geography, History, French—very good, indeed! And your last letter delighted me. The writing was excellent. Her Majesty’s officers ought to be educated gentlemen; and you are now one of them.”

Jan looked up, with eager, inquiring face.

“Yes, sir; you are now Lieutenant Jan Vedder, of Her Majesty’s schooner *Retribution*. You are to sail for the African coast within a week. Jan, I congratulate you!”

Jan rose and put out both hands. The action was full of feeling. No words could have been so eloquent. It was worth an hour of words, and Lord Lynne so understood it.

“I called at the mail as I came through the town, here is a letter for you. While you read it I will go through the yacht.”

When he returned Jan was walking anxiously about with the letter in his hand. “Has bad news come with the good, Jan?”

“I know not if it be bad or if it be good. Peter Fae hath married again.”

“Do you know the new wife?”

“Well I know her. She was ever a good friend to me, but my wife liked her not.”

“Is she young or old, pretty or otherwise?”

“Few women are so handsome, and she has not yet thirty years.”

“Then it is likely Peter Fae has found a master?”

“That, too, is likely. Snorro says that he hath settled on her the house in which he lives, with much money beside. Perhaps now Margaret will be poor. I cannot think that she will live with Suneva. What then will she do? I wish to see her very much.”

“That you can not possibly do, Lieutenant Vedder. You will be under orders in the morning. To leave your post now would be desertion. I do not fear for your wife. She knows very well how to look after her own interests. The two women in Peter’s house will be Greek against Greek, and your wife will certainly win some victories.”

“I would not have her suffer, my friend.”

“She will not suffer. It is likely I may be in Lerwick next summer; I will see to that. Have you saved anything of your salary?”

“I have spent very little of it. I have now over £300.”

“Then I advise you to send £200 to Dr. Balloch for her. Tell him if help is needed to give it. He will understand the wisest way in which it can be offered. If it is not needed, he can save it toward that £600.

“I can send £300.”

“No, you can not. Uniforms must be bought, and fees must

be paid, and there are numerous other expenses to meet. Now you must pack your clothes and books. To-morrow you must be in Portsmouth; there *The Retribution* is waiting for you and for orders. The orders may arrive at any hour, and it is possible you may have to sail at once."

The next afternoon Jan was in Portsmouth. It was a wonderful thing for him to tread the deck of his own ship; a handsome, fast-sailing schooner, specially built for the African blockade. She carried a heavy pivot gun and a carronade, and had a crew of fifty officers and men. He could scarcely believe that he was to command her, even when his officers saluted him. In three days he was to sail, and there was much to be done in the interval. But the hurry and bustle was an advantage; he had no time to feel the strangeness of his position; and men soon get accustomed to honour. On the third day he filled his place with the easy nonchalance of long authority.

It was fortunate for Jan that the mission on which he was sent was one that stirred him to the very depths of his nature. In the seclusion and ignorance of his life in Shetland, he had heard nothing of the wrongs and horrors of slavery. Therefore when Lord Lynne explained to him the cruelty and wickedness of the slave traffic, Jan heard him at first with amazement, then with indignation. The tears of pity, the fire of vengeance, were in his eyes. To chase a slaver, to punish her villainous owners, to liberate her captives! Jan took in the whole grand duty at once.

"I see you are pleased with your prospects, Jan. Many would not be. The duty of the African blockading squadron is very hard; it is not a favourite station. That fact made your appointment so easy."

"Only one thing could make my prospects brighter."

"What is that thing?"

"If Snorro could go with me! How he would rejoice in such work! He is so strong; when he is angry, he is as strong as six men, I think. He would fly on these men-catchers like a lion. He would stamp them under his feet. It is a war that would make Snorro's heart glad. He would slay the foe as he would pour out water, and for the weak and suffering he would lay down his life. He would, indeed!"

Jan spoke rapidly, and with enthusiasm. Lord Lynne looked at him with admiration, as he said: "It is too late now to send for Snorro. How you do love that man, Jan!"

"Well, then, he deserves it. I would be a cur if I loved him not. I love thee, too. Thou saved me from myself; thou hast given to me like a prince; but as for Snorro! He gave me all he had! Thou art not grieved? Thou wilt not think me ungrateful for thy goodness?"

"If you had forgotten Snorro, Jan, I would not have trusted

you for myself. You do right to love him. When the squadron is recalled he must be sent for. It is not right to part you two."

"I will tell him what thou says. It will make him happy. Snorro is one of those men who can wait patiently."

So Jan wrote to Snorro. He took the largest official paper he could find, and he sealed the letter with the ship's seal, sparing not the sealing-wax in its office. For he knew well what an effect the imposing missive would have. In the hurry of his own affairs he could think of such small things, for the sake of the satisfaction which they would give to his simple-minded friend.

But mails were long at that time of the year in reaching Shetland. Jan was far down the African coast when his letter came to Lerwick. It was under cover to Dr. Balloch, and though the day was rough and snowy the good minister found his way to Peter's store. He was always welcome there. Peter never forgot how faithfully he stood by him when the darkest suspicions kept other men away, and Snorro associated his visits with news from Jan. When, therefore, the minister in leaving said, "Snorro, thou art strong, and Hamish is weak, come to-night and carry him some peats into the house," Snorro's face lighted up with expectation.

Undoubtedly it was a great night for Snorro. When Dr. Balloch explained to him, as Lord Lynne had explained to Jan, the noble necessity of the African squadron, his heart burned like fire. He could almost have shouted aloud in his pity and indignation. It seemed to him a glorious thing that Jan had gone.

When he had left Dr. Balloch he felt as if he were walking upon air. On the moor, where no one could hear him, he laughed aloud, a mighty laugh, that said for Jan far more than he could find words to say. He heeded not the wind and the softly falling snow; had not Jan, his Jan, sailed away in her Majesty's service, a deliverer and a conqueror? Suddenly he felt a desire to see something relating to him. If he went round by Peter's house, perhaps he might see Margaret and the baby. In the state of exaltation he was in, all things seemed easy and natural to him.

Peter's house shone brightly afar off. As he approached it he saw that the sitting-room was in a glow of fire and candle-light. Before he reached the gate he heard the murmur of voices. He had only to stand still and the whole scene was before him. Peter sat in his old place on the hearthstone. Around it were two of Suneva's cousins, soncy, jolly wives, with their knitting in their hands and their husbands by their sides. Suneva herself was moving busily about, setting the table for a hot supper. Her blue silk dress and gold chain, and

her lace cap fluttering with white ribbons, made her a pleasant woman to look at. It was a happy household picture, but Margaret Vedder was not in it.

Snorro waited long in hopes of seeing her; waited until the smoking goose and hot potatoes, and boiling water, drew every one to the white, glittering table. He felt sure that Margaret would join the party, but she did not. Was it a slight to her? That Margaret Vedder personally should be slighted affected him not, but that Jan's wife was neglected, that made him angry. He turned away, and in turning glanced upward. There was a dim light in a corner room up stairs. He felt sure that there Margaret was sitting, watching Jan's boy. He loitered round until he heard the moving of chairs and the bustle incident to the leave-taking of guests. No access of light and no movement in Margaret's room had taken place. She had made no sign, and no one remembered her. But never had Snorro felt so able to forgive her as at that hour.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR—REV. XXII. 16.

ALL hail the Star of mystic power,
Presiding o'er my second birth;
All hail! the glories of the hour,
It shone upon a child of earth.

Blest Star! whose gently beaming ray
Awoke me in the deadly shade;
Cheered with a smile of heavenly day,
And bade my darkness fade.

Star of the promise! seen of old,
The patriarchs' and prophets' joy,
Safe guided to the upper fold,
Thy praise their radiant harps employ.

Star of Eternity! Divine,
Eclipsed for man, all glorious now;
Thy beams of love essential shine,
Where joy's immortal fountains flow.

Star of my hope! on Thee my soul
Confides for victory and life;
Should the dark wave of trouble roll,
Thy rising calms the tempest strife.

When death expands his gloomy wing,
To veil Thee from my ardent gaze,
High in the sphere of light I'll sing
The triumph of Thy conquering rays.

CONSECRATED CULTURE.*

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

ALL culture is not consecrated; nor is all consecration cultured. How best to unify the two in the one identity, like light and heat in a sunbeam, especially in the preacher of to-day, is a problem calling for solution. A brilliant instance of this happy combination is described in a volume bearing the above title. Seldom has been given to the public a biography of rarer literary merit and intenser religious interest. The writer is the accomplished editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and the author of several valuable works, including the Fernley Lecture for 1873. His subject is his own son—a young man of rare intellectual endowments and high culture, having graduated at Oxford, where he won a first class in honours, but who died in the twenty-seventh year of his age and the third of his ministry. This volume is the record of a mind and heart and life uniting with the highest gifts simplicity, humility and earnestness, and all entirely consecrated to Christ.

“He was one of many thousands such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.”

The father has done well, with pardonable parental pride, “to prolong and extend the usefulness of a life of rich promise, which to human seeming came to a most untimely close,” and thus to fix into permanence the splendour of its after-glow. “When such men die young and obscure, those who can should try to preserve their memories.” There is doubtless a Divine purpose in the cutting short of these fragmentary lives. As this young man himself asks in one of his manuscripts, (and it was the last line he ever wrote), “Does Christ’s purpose fail for those who die young or suddenly?” Surely not. It did not fail in this instance. The passage in the Wisdom of Solomon will apply here: “Honourable age is not that which

* *Consecrated Culture: Memorials of Benjamin Alfred Gregory, M.A., Oxon.* By BENJAMIN GREGORY D.D. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But discernment is grey hairs unto men, and an unspotted life, old age. He pleased God and was beloved . . . therefore He hasted to take him away."

Benjamin Alfred Gregory was born at Rochester on Feb. 26, 1850. The main facts of his life are few, and for the most part those of a scholar. His school days include two years—from five to seven—at Mrs. Keeling's, Barnsley, and two years more—from eight to ten—at Mrs. Varney's, Oxford. The next year and a quarter were spent at home under the tutorship of his father. In his twelfth year he entered the Manchester Grammar School, where he remained until 1867, distinguishing himself by his diligence and success. At eighteen he won the Shakespeare Scholarship, matriculated at Oxford, entering Brazenose College, where he spent the next five years repeating his Grammar School successes, and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1873, taking his M.A. degree two years later. At twenty-three he accepted a mastership in his old Manchester Grammar School, occupying his spare time, as indeed he had done at Oxford, by engaging in Christian work as a prayer-leader and local-preacher. Ever since his conversion in his fifteenth year he had evinced an ardent desire to be useful. Scholarship with him from that time was a serious calling no less than a passionate pursuit, sought for as a fitness for future work. At twenty-four he was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry; and after a faithful ministry of less than three years spent at Runcorn, St. Columb and Padstow, he died in great peace in December, 1876.

Shining out from behind these brief biographical items in a blended light radiant as the face of Moses, is a culture and a piety having more than an ordinary degree of the Divine in it.

His culture is conspicuous. It has its basis in strong powers of mind. Even as a lad he was distinguished for alertness of intellect and a ready handling of his mental stores. His was a nature full of intellectual subtlety and restrained moral ardour, dialectic, critical, exploratory, pursuing its studies with a purpose; for as a boy he writes: "I look on success at school as a sort of omen of success in after-life." It was this habitual elevation of thought that helped him to find in his tutors a close intellectual companionship, one of whom once remarked:

"That boy ought to have the physique of a navvy to match his intellectual powers." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that his scholastic record is a brilliant one. To give but an instance or two: At twelve he won the first five prizes at school, and delivered the Latin recitation, the Sibyl's speech in the Sixth Book of *Æneid*: *Tum vates sic orsa loqui*, etc.; and an English recitation: Tennyson's noble "Morte d'Arthur." At sixteen he produced the prize poem at the Manchester Grammar School, extending over one hundred and ninety-eight lines, entitled "Sir Galahad, or the Quest of the Holy Grail," thus anticipating Tennyson's great poem on the same subject. At this time he was well versed in *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, and other ancient writers; and in *Herbert Spencer*, *Dr. Carpenter*, *John Stuart Mill*, *Hamilton*, *Comte*, *Lewes* and *Bain* among the moderns. Indeed, he was always a most voracious and omnivorous reader. As a lad of seven he revelled in "Rollins' Ancient History" and "Paradise Lost." Later on he became familiar with *Ruskin* and *Whately*, whom he greatly enjoyed. And among the poets his favourites were *Macaulay*, *Shakespeare*, *Scott*, and *Goldsmith*. It was this wide reading that gave to his culture a breadth and a thoroughness that a narrower range would have rendered impossible. It also stimulated his mind to original effort. We find him writing a poetical version of *David's lament*, an original poem on "A City Rainbow," some hymns, a spirited metrical translation of the Latin hymn, *Veni sancte Spiritus*, and of the Easter hymn, *Pone luctum*; and projecting a large prose work—a History of the Church of Christ—on a new plan, on the line of its vital as distinguished from its official continuity, and also a work on Hymnology. All these studies and activities ripened his scholarship and cultivated his intellect and polished his style until it possessed all the charm of simplicity, purity, precision, ease, grace and force.

But foremost amongst the factors and stimuli of his high culture was his five years' residence in the classic shades of Oxford. Its *genius loci*, its hoary past, its scholastic associations, and its rich resources of learning, all united to make a summer for his mind, stimulating it to a tropical luxuriance. Oxford had been a fountain of vital currents of thought and feeling. In its studious stillness had originated, like the four

streams of Eden, the four most powerful religious movements of modern times: Methodism, Plymouthism, Tractarianism, and the main stream of Rationalism in English theology indicated by the names of five eminent Oxonians, Deans Milman and Stanley, F. W. Robertson, Professor Jowett and Matthew Arnold. Nor was Mr. Gregory's *alma mater* without its kindling memories. John Foxe, the martyrologist; Robert Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" John Howe, the eminent divine; Rev. John Clayton, one of the first "Oxford Methodists," and a member of the "Godly Club;" Reginald Heber, Dean Milman, and F. W. Robertson were all *alumni* of Brazenose; and the lingering aroma of their names could not fail to throw around Oxford a quickening stimulus to a young and sensitive mind.

Quite as conspicuous as Mr. Gregory's culture is his piety. He was the offspring of a home where religion was a recognized power, breathing from the first an atmosphere lit up and warmed by the Sun of Righteousness. Heaven lay about him in his infancy. Speaking of his conversion at fourteen he beautifully says: "I opened my eyes, and lo! God is love." One thing that helped to open his eyes was the enlightening Word. When a lad of twelve, and feeling the stirrings of the new life, he one day opened the family Bible seeking for more light, when the passage caught his eye and deeply impressed him: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Another thing that contributed to the same result was the reading of Dickens' "Bleak House," where the character there drawn of Esther Sommerson "shows virtue her own comeliness," and this picture helped to win his heart, an instance as curious as that which occurs in Wesley's life when a copy of Johnson's "Rambler," borrowed from Wesley's miscellaneous library at the Orphan House, Newcastle, was the means of awakening the intellect of the great Thomas Binney.

The fires thus kindled in this young heart burned with a steady and brightening flame. "I don't find my life," he writes, "a constant succession of stumblings and risings again, nor a dead level, but, by God's grace, it is a regular walk in increasing light, and as from time to time I look back, there are

clear advances visible." He sets the Lord always before him, realizing his own lines :

"Blest is the pure in heart, for none but he
Can bear to look on God's own purity."

This is particularly seen in his pursuit of culture. In all his ways in this matter he devoutly acknowledges God, and so is directed in his steps. When preparing for the competitive examination for the Shakespeare Scholarship, he writes: "God help me, and grant I may be successful." His prayer is answered, and he writes again: "I've got it. . . . Thank God for His help." Gaining two valuable scholarships at Oxford, he writes to his father: "Now God be praised, the day is ours." And in his diary: "I have attained my object nearly a year sooner than I expected. Thank God for it! Amen! It is by His grace alone that I have done it." And to his elder brother: "By God's grace I am elected Scholar of Brazenose College." The same devout spirit breathes through all he does. His literary efforts are all "seasoned with salt," and characterized by a special religious tone. And what is more, his fidelity never faltered. Though he sounded the profoundest depths of philosophy and circumnavigated the two hemispheres of natural and revealed religion, he never lost hold of any great verity of revealed truth, and no great verity ever lost hold of him.

But conspicuous as are his culture and his piety, the lustre of both pale alike before the splendour of his consecration—a consecration born of conviction and animated by the constraining love of Christ. His consecration was entire—a *whole* burnt-offering—or as he himself expresses it :

"Be all my life one offering to Thee
Of holy thought and holy energy."

Mr. Gregory had made up his mind what to do with his life ; he had decided very early on the investment in which his capital could best be laid out. Every study was made "a means of making himself more fit for that which seemed never absent from his thoughts—the calling of a minister." At sixteen, referring to debates in which he was accustomed to take part, he wrote in his diary: "Fluent speaking will be one step gained towards being a good preacher." He coveted to be a

"polished shaft"—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

His decided preference was for the ministry of Methodism, and his ambition to reflect upon it the honour of a high and consecrated culture. At his conversion, with a university career before him, he wrote in his diary: "So now I am resolved to go on as I have begun, except that now it is *for God and His Church*." When a youth of fifteen he said "he thought Methodism had now reached a stage of development when culture would be in greater request than heretofore, and that it was his determination to devote himself wholly to the service of God in connection with the Church of his parentage." Preparing for admission into Oxford he wrote: "I pledge myself anew to entire and single consecration to the work of God and of His Church; and I do fully believe that this is my great object in hoping for success." Entering upon his university career he adds: "I desired it merely because I believed and do now believe it is the best education I can get; and that it is my duty to get the best education I can, that I may be able to do more good in the Church and the world."

Like his father and his paternal grandfather, he declined, in his fidelity to Methodism, a gratuitous university education offered on condition of taking Holy Orders in the Established Church. This fidelity sometimes cost him much in precluding him from competing for honours and scholarships that he might otherwise have won. He was the first Methodist who ever refused to sign the Articles of the Church of England. This he did on entering Oxford, assigning as his principal reason: "I am a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and I prefer to hold myself free from any theological test which my own section of the Church does not require." At one time he was the only member of the Methodist Society in that university. He was soon the means, however, of forming a Society-class there from among the undergraduates. Such was his unswerving attachment to the Church of his choice. Dr. W. B. Pope once asked him which he would prefer, to be a great theologian or a great soul-winner. He replied: "At one time I should have said without hesitancy, a theologian, but I would not now. There is nothing in this world that I would rather be than a useful, soul-saving Methodist preacher."

His ambition would seem to have been to help to make Methodism as conspicuous for culture as for evangelistic zeal. In an article entitled "Methodism and the University of Oxford," contributed to the *City Road Magazine* for November 1871, he says: "It is most desirable that we as Methodists should do our utmost to take a fair position in the educational capitals of the country, and do our fair share of the work of upholding and spreading there also the truth entrusted to us." This wise policy has since been adopted, and one outcome of it is the establishment of the Leys School at Cambridge, under the able direction of Dr. F. W. Moulton. What Mr. Gregory might have accomplished in the same line of effort, had he been spared, we can only surmise; but certain it is he would have done a special kind of service for Methodism.

His intense moral earnestness, however, reaches its highest point in his consecration for direct and immediate Christian work. His own lines speak for him:

"Let not my powers all useless lie,
 Untried the temper of my sword;
 I would do something ere I die,
 Some little service for my Lord;
 I could not bear at death to say,
 'I have been idle all the day.'

 Methinks I could not bear to ride
 Among the white-robed chivalry,
 Men who have nobly lived and died,
 Laboured and suffered here for Thee;
 And feel myself the only one
 Who for my Lord had nothing done."

None knew better than he that neither culture nor piety is an end, but a means to an end. What he says of philosophy in one place is equally true of each of these, its aim is "primarily light, truth; secondarily, power and results." It is worth just what it can do. Besides, Mr. Gregory found a necessity for work in the condition of his spiritual life—"to keep the stream flowing," as he phrases it. He writes in his diary: "I need spiritual exercise to keep my spiritual health up; God help me to get it." This was the secret of his efforts at Oxford and at Manchester as a prayer-leader and local-preacher. And during his brief ministry we find him cultivating an

ardent revivalism. At one time, after a sermon from, "Repent ye and be converted," the whole congregation stayed at the prayer-meeting, and fifteen persons sought salvation. And at another time a similar scene occurred. If only he could secure success in soul-saving, no place was too remote, no sphere too humble, no toil too labourious. When expecting his first appointment, and his brethren at Conference hesitated to send him to a station proverbially labourious, uninviting and unsought for, this cultured Oxonian wrote: "By all means let me go there. It will suit me very well." He never once spoke as if he thought that his talents were wasted in an out-of-the-way place.

While his cultivated tastes would have appreciated the congenial companionships of a university life, yet nothing could satisfy his ambition but the bringing men to Christ. He was fond of preaching, and greatly preferred preaching to the poor. Speaking of a congregation at an out-door service, he says: "It was not so rough as I wanted." Much of his work was personal, in pastoral visitation and direct appeal. He often spoke of his work as fishing with hook and line rather than netting. And so his sermons were no less *halieutic* than *homiletic*. Nor was he satisfied simply to win men and bring them to Christ. His next care was to build them up. "The converting of sinners," he says, "is only a part of Christ's minister's work, and it is doubtful wisdom to shut an apprentice out of half his trade."

It were easy to enlarge upon the strong features of this beautiful young life, but space will not permit. A more timely and suggestive volume than the one embalming it, it has seldom been our privilege to read, and the object of this paper is to be an index-finger pointing to it. Reading between the lines, its lesson for us is not far to seek. Consecration and culture must continue to be the watchword of Methodism. To a glowing evangelism must ever be wedded a shining culture. "No tutor," says Schleiermacher, speaking of teaching, and the same is true of preaching, "no tutor can be of real use who is wholly wanting in either of these qualities, enthusiasm and clear thought." In the ministry of to-day, consecration will secure the one and culture the other. Either, alone, is not without its danger. One may lead to wild-fire and to wild-

firing, leaving well-advocated error to prevail over ill-advocated truth ; the other may lead to a cold skepticism, if not to an utter rejection of the vital essentials of saving truth, just as of old it was in "the golden age of Augustus" that Christ was crucified.

But what is culture ? "Culture," says Matthew Arnold, "is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." In its active form it is the power to condense, to distil into fragrant quintessence the flowers of mind. In a preacher, it is to bring to the study of the Word a correct, cultivated taste, just as an artist brings a cultivated taste to the study of art. It fits him to build his mind-structures with well-seasoned timbers, rather than with green and warping ones. It gives to the young preacher, if not a full money-box, yet a key to a treasury, and that the King's treasury. And uniting culture and consecration, he will be able to weave and unwind from a knowledge that has become a part of himself by experience and demonstration, those three elements of the sermonic—the logical, theological and analogical.

"The times wants scholars ! scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last."

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

GOD'S POEMS.

THE humblest flower is a poem by Him
Who dwells amidst the blazing cherubin,
Read it well,
It has something to tell,
In rhythm of colour it will confess,
God loveth beauty and gentleness ;
Marvellous are all His works, and each,
If you will but hearken, some lesson will teach.

The lowliest life a poem may be,
Pleasing to God by a soul that is free ;
Child of light,
Be holy and bright,
That so, by a holy life and true,
You may be to God what a flower is to you ;
A blossom of song for the garland sublime,
He is gathering in from the garden of time.

THE LABOUR QUESTION—VIEWED FROM A CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.

BY THE REV. WALTER M. ROGER, M.A.

It is at once humbling and perplexing to find that, notwithstanding all our boasted nineteenth century civilization, our popular education, and our Christian philanthropy, we still have to face unsolved the same irrepressible problems and rampant evils arising out of the relations of rich and poor, employer and employee, as distracted society with riot and insurrection in ancient Rome, and called forth the stern denunciation of the Epistle of James, "The hire of the labourer is kept back by fraud;" and that the sufferer, instead of patiently stablishing his heart in the faith of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," is ready to resort to incendiary and futile violence, involving immediate increase of the distress and of all the other difficulties connected with its permanent removal. There is so much to be said, on the one hand, against the guilty indifference of the luxurious wealthy and the grinding greed of the average capitalist, and, on the other, as to the improvident unthrift and often reckless vice of the labourer, that, however anxious to see the suffering relieved and their rights vindicated without an hour's unnecessary delay, we seem forced to resort to our Lord's method of inculcating and emphasizing general principles and trusting to the effective operation of these under the guidance of common sense, Christian charity, and civil administration. When appealed to, "Speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance," He said unto *them*, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," and He gives no encouragement to the Church to interfere as arbitrator. Yet hers is the blessed office of peacemaker, crying, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye this wrong one to another?" and of mediator, lifting up to each the mirror of Divine truth and the authority of the Divine precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Every intelligent and candid observer must admit that these evils are not the product of advanced civilization, still less of the Christian religion. Inherent in fallen humanity, they still exist in spite of these, and the only hope of their removal seems to lie

in, first of all, a deeper sense of the need and the sufficiency of the old Gospel of charity and grace to heal the hurt of the fall, and of the Church's mission by the preaching of that Gospel to "undo the heavy burdens," and "lift up the poor and let the oppressed go free." Then it is clear that the problem of how to reach the masses must be faced more resolutely than ever. At whatever cost of increased zeal and sacrifice of prejudice against novelties of method, the means must be found of evangelizing the labouring classes, if the civilized world is to be saved from social warfare and anarchy; and further, while faithfully reproving the heartlessness of the rich and the heedlessness of the poor, let us help the suffering and the down-trodden to understand and believe the love of God by the manifestation of our own. Let Christian men, especially laymen associating with workingmen, seek to win their confidence and help, for the sake of Christ and humanity, to guide this great movement which has been inaugurated.

Two objects the Knights of Labour declare they have specially in view:—

I. "To make industrial and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual and national greatness."

II. "To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, social, and moral faculties; all of the benefits, recreations and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honours of advancing civilization."

How are these objects to be attained? working men are eagerly asking and trying to answer. The problems are as complex as they are serious, and the answer correspondingly difficult, but we need have no hesitation about some elements of the advice to be given in reply.

1. Listen *not* to the agents of *Socialism* and *Communism*, whose schemes of revolution and confiscation are alike abhorrent to nature, reason and revelation. These nightbirds of evil are ever ready to foment disturbance and then to haunt its scenes with hellish suggestions. However glad we are to know that the Knights of Labour deny any disposition to enter into alliance with them, their latest manifestoes are suggestive of near approach at some points. Moreover, recent experiences in Britain, Belgium, and elsewhere show how successful these

unscrupulous emissaries may be where blood is up and passion has outrun brain and conscience. Besides, as Joseph Cook has pointed out, in countries where labour has access to the ballot-box, and the tremendous power of united force is understood and attainable, the temptation to entangling alliances and compromises will always be very great. There is not much disguise about these chaotic levellers, but what there is should be boldly removed that working men may see for themselves the hideous reality. In fact they are constantly making just such exposures themselves. Recently, we are told, "one of the foremost socialistic editors of Chicago, Mr. Augustus Spies, addressed, by invitation, the preachers of that city, and not a little amazed his audience. He began with the assertion that morality has nothing to do with the social problem, and that there is no such thing as morality or moral obligation. The scientific socialists, anarchists, internationalists, he affirmed, are, without exception, either atheists or agnostics. He maintained that land ownership is at the bottom of all our industrial and social troubles, and that property is only another name for robbery. He affirmed that the main thing aimed at by the Socialists is the extinction of all property right; and that marriage is a species of property, and that, therefore, marriage is to be abolished and the public commune put in place of the home. All this is not to be effected by political action but by a kind of universal riot and raven. Dr. Gilbert, who reports these facts and was present when this speech was delivered, says that, when this strange dreamer was asked what would happen when God has been quite forgotten, conscience extinguished, property rights abolished, marriage lost sight of, he seemed to lose self-control, became visibly confused, the glibness of his speech forsook him, and 'he, with us, was standing at the mouth of a pit, and was forced to look down into it, and see that the interior was black and lurid and bottomless.'"

2. The measures proposed by the Knights of Labour, such as *organization, arbitration, education, legislation, bureau registration, substitution of co-operation for competition*, etc., etc., with a few features of acknowledged merit, contemplate a series of novel experimental attempts to evade the great natural laws of supply and demand, survival of the fittest, natural selection, etc. Where these will land us no man can tell.

Authorities differ. The most confident attempts to forecast the issue diverge in opposite directions. These are matters for political economists and statesmen, and with them they must be left, while the Church prays for that wisdom which is from above, and which is profitable to direct. Only, working men may well be cautioned to beware of plausible, self-seeking demagogues, and unscrupulous, flattering politicians, who would harness them to the party machine; and of despots like Bismarck, who would ensure them constant labour at fair wages, with governmental asylums for the aged and indigent, and, we need have little hesitation in adding, a fair chance of regaining serfdom as well as pauperism. The great danger seems to be the compromise of manhood and the loss of that freedom and independence which are its precious birthright and should be guarded with the most jealous care. While we watch the course of events with intense interest and a measure of hope, still it must be with a grave premonition that the result can only be partial and superficial amendment. This, of course, may and will be increased just in proportion as it is generally and practically realised that—

3. *The religion of Jesus Christ alone can afford radical and permanent cure.* How this is, every thoughtful student of Scripture and of social history can readily understand. He sees how Christianity teaches and propagates that brotherhood of humanity which embraces high and low, rich and poor, in a community of interest and obligation, which it is wicked and dangerous to deny or ignore, and in which if one member suffer all the members suffer. That the welfare of the rich is imperilled with that of the poor, all Britain saw with startled clearness when Sir Robert Peel's favourite daughter, the delight of a large and brilliant circle in the West End, succumbed to small-pox carried in a new riding habit from a sweater's garret in the East End. By such providences the Almighty is constantly emphasizing and enforcing His royal decrees, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," "Masters, give to your servants that which is just and equal." Christian philanthropy responds with prompt relief and compels reluctant statecraft to grapple with questions more important than ambitious diplomacy, Sisuphean delimitation, and suicidal warfare. Already has Christianity abolished slavery and serfdom,

emancipated womanhood, given education to the masses, and struck the death-blow of that most fruitful source of degradation and misery, the drink traffic, and it may safely be relied upon for completing the work of elevating the working classes and giving them all the privileges possible, till the curse of the fall be finally repealed.

We cannot but hope that as it leavens the labour stratum of society it will do much of the work of the Bureau of Statistics, and do it better, because, while not ignoring the promptings of natural preference, it makes these subordinate to conscience and providential guidance, and resists that unreasoning selfishness which overcrowds those callings which promise most of ease and opportunities for self-indulgence. Who can doubt that this would raise the appreciation of farm life, remove the stupid prejudice against domestic service, and relieve the congestion of the sewing-room and the factory?

The education which religion alone imparts to heart and conscience as well as mind, is the only influence sufficient to prepare the working man for such a use of his leisure time and surplus earnings as will realise for him his noble conception of an aristocracy of industrial and moral worth. At present there is too much truth in the reported utterance of a representative of his own class—Mr. Arthur, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers: “The eight-hour movement would only give in many cases two more hours for loafing, two more hours for drinking.” It is a pleasing thing to learn that the Knights refuse admission to their ranks to any one making a living by whiskey. They are to be congratulated upon this. Tobacco must follow. Next to whiskey and beer, it is the greatest enemy of the labourer, wasting his money and his health, poisoning the atmosphere of his home, and, worst of all, checking his aspirations to improvement of himself and his surroundings. The writer recently attended a large gathering addressed in the labour interest by a travelling lecturer of their order. He deplored the burdens they had to carry—the lawyer on one shoulder, the doctor on the other, the capitalist and millionaire atop of these, while he said not a word of the tobacconist or brewer whom they so largely supported, and the former of whom I was told they had honoured with the chairmanship of the evening. It will be different when they listen

to the voice of Him who calls them to sonship and heirship with Himself of a royal family and an abiding heritage, and educates them to their lofty station with elevating and refining precept and example—the example of a working mechanic supporting a widowed mother and at the same time serving God and blessing mankind. It was this which gave their nobility to such men as Palissy the potter, and Miller the stonemason, and made honoured benefactors of such men as the apostles of Christ, and, in later days, of Bunyan, Carey, Moffat, Pound, Livingstone, and many others of whom time would fail us to tell. The lecturer referred to warned his companions in toil that, even when they got their representatives elected, they must watch them closely, as they could not be trusted out of sight. He could have pointed to Paris as well as Washington in proof, while at the same moment an observant Frenchman, the accomplished editor of the *Evangelist*, was pointing out what Christianity would do for labour even in this respect. He read a lesson to his own countrymen from the career of Joseph Arch, English farm labourer and Methodist local preacher, “redeeming the time” after-hours in the mingled study of Scripture, logic, arithmetic, history, etc., till, becoming fitted to lead his companions, he now sits with the greatest of the land in the councils of the nation. It was Christianity that did it, he rightly says, and adds that in such choice by British workmen he sees the hope of England in the lowering hour of revolutionary danger. Our lecturer recited to a sympathetic audience the first six verses of James v. beginning, “Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl,” etc. Let us continue the quotation and exhort them, “Be patient and stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” Let us enjoin them to study the Sermon on the Mount, and “seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Let us say to them—Be men, “Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.” There is the best of grounding for the popular belief that

“There’s a good time coming,
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.”

LONDON, Ont.

THE TOILER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

ALL day the weary heir of toil
 Still o'er his labour bent,
 Out-worn with never-ending tasks,
 With ceaseless effort spent ;
 With cheerful heart he bore his part,
 The man was yet content.

His toil was cheered by tender thoughts
 Of loved ones and of home,
 Of babes and wife, the joys of life ;
 His cot than palace dome
 They made more dear, and evermore
 Suppressed complaint or moan.

His frame was nerved to bravest deeds ;
 It was for them he wrought ;
 His soul was strong ; the day, though long,
 Was gladdened by the thought
 Of household joys and childhood wiles
 That purest pleasure brought.

Now ringeth forth the welcome bell,
 The signal of release :
 Amid the evening shadows cool
 He findeth sweet surcease
 From bond and thrall. Like dews that fall
 Descendeth Home's calm peace.

So we, amid life's weary toil,
 May cheer our fainting souls
 With hope of Heaven and Home above,
 Where joy's full river rolls
 For us at last, life's sorrows past,
 When Death's mild curfew tolls.

THE smallest wave of influence set in motion
 Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
 We should be wary, then, who go before,
 And we should take
 Our bearings carefully when breakers roar ;
One mistake
 May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY MAY TWEEDIE, M.L.A.

THE world is laudably curious about its great men, and eagerly welcomes any account of them which has any pretensions to trustworthiness. Interesting, indeed, must be the memoirs of so distinguished a man as Charles Kingsley. The order of succession in which his various faculties and phases of character came distinctly and fully under the recognition of the public eye seems to have been as follows: poet, politician, novelist, preacher, teacher of history, man of science; and in each independent capacity he was so eminently successful as to win a name and place of distinction.

Charles Kingsley was born in Holne, Devonshire, in 1819. He was of pure and gentle English descent, traceable throughout a genealogy of more than seven hundred years. His father should have inherited a good property, but owing to the thoughtlessness and unfaithfulness of guardians it was squandered. Education at Oxford and Harrow had not prepared him to grapple with poverty or retrieve the broken fortunes of his family. At thirty he was married, but was embarrassed to such an extent that he was obliged to sell his inheritance. He once more returned to Cambridge University, accompanied by his wife, and prepared with commendable courage and perseverance for a fresh start.

His character and attainments soon won for him the friendship of the learned Dr. Herbert Marsh, Margaret Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Peterboro', who, after he came to the bishopric, appointed Kingsley his examining chaplain. From his father, Charles Kingsley inherited his love of sporting and his fighting blood, while his mother, who was a young West Indian lady, daughter of Nathan Lucas, of Farley Hall, bequeathed to him his love of travel, science, literature, and the romance of his nature, in addition to that keen sense of humour and originality which characterised many of his ancestors.

When Charles had attained the age of four years he began to preach sermons in which the devil and hell figured conspicuously. His congregation comprised the chairs of his

nursery, arranged decorously in front of the sofa, which he used as a pulpit, and surplined in his pinafore he was the embryo representative of the soul-stirring preacher who, years later, stood before kings.

His mother, who was an unseen and silent auditor, took notes of his discourses, preserved them, and afterward handed them to his wife, who gave extracts from them in the "Memoirs." In 1838, Kingsley entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, and in the following May was the first of his year, in the University examination, in mathematics and classics, winning not only prizes, but a scholarship. His success at this time was clouded by severe mental distress, which darkened the auspicious commencement of his college year. He had become a prey to skepticism. To alleviate the unhappiness arising from his mental condition, he plunged recklessly into dissipation, from which he was reclaimed through the influence of Miss Fanny Grenfell, who afterward became his wife.

During this combative period, in which he was striving to free himself from the evil results of skepticism, Carlyle, Coleridge and Maurice were the three authors who did the most to mould the general outline and determine the tendency of Kingsley's special views, though he afterward objected to many points in their belief which at that time he found serviceable. Two years passed before he rejoiced in restoration to faith, peace and godliness. In 1844 he married Miss Grenfell, a lady of culture and refinement. Some idea of the nobleness of the women of the family of which she was a descendant may be inferred from the fact that they all became the wives of distinguished men. One was married to Baron Wolverton, one to Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, one to Charles Kingsley, and one to James Anthony Froude.

Kingsley had to encounter opposition when, a poor curate, he sought the hand of Miss Grenfell. In writing to a friend he describes himself as having "a battle to fight with the world, a bride to win as a penniless adventurer from rich relations." The fighting of that battle was by Providence made the instrument of his redemption from a wild and reckless life. In the meantime the rectory of Eversley having become vacant, at the request of the parishioners he was presented with the living. He received a stipend of £600. The rectory, not having been

repaired for a hundred years, was altogether inadequate to the requirements of a lady and gentleman of good social position and many friends, and necessitated such a large expenditure as involved them in pecuniary difficulties, which Kingsley was obliged to meet partly by taking pupils and partly by means of his pen.

At this time he began his career as a poet and novelist, winning a more extensive reputation as a writer by the number and popularity of his novels than by his poetical works. He was too active, too vehement in his earlier life, too controversial a man to write much poetry. He was always feeling as if he had poetry in him, but got little written; yet his language and melody as a poet are often exquisite. His first poem, "The Saint's Tragedy," was full of two passions, which at that time engrossed his nature: abhorrence of Romish asceticism and sympathy with the helpless children of ignorance and social degradation. It is evident from that poem that his heart was full of bitter indignation against the hard school of political economists, who contented themselves with pointing out the illustrations of their principles afforded by the miseries of the times, but made no effort to provide a remedy.

When recovering from a severe illness, in Colorado, he wrote, or dictated as he lay in a convalescent state, the fine but melancholy ballad on "Lorraine's Last Ride." His political activity at this time was intense, but came to an end after a few years. He identified himself with a movement on behalf of social reform, which he represented by a publication entitled "Politics for the People." He wrote for some time in this connection under the *nom de plume* of "Parson Lot." As a politician he was an admirer of Mr. Gladstone; nevertheless, his early and hereditary Toryism seems to have clung to him in some measure.

For a period of ten years he was a novelist, but at the end of that time he ceased writing works of fiction. Though writing as a means of adding to his income, he never forgot his vocation. To set forth the condition and claims of the needy and oppressed, to oppose the pernicious character of Tractarian asceticism, and all that savoured of popish heresy and superstition, and to preach a free Gospel, which he sometimes did in words of exceeding beauty, tenderness and truth, were the objects he kept in view throughout his series of novels. "Hy-

patia" was his most brilliant and scholarly work. It exhibits the struggle of the rising, yet already in part degenerate power of Christianity in the fourth and fifth centuries, with the elements of the world around it—with Alexandrian philosophy, with the rude barbarism of the Northern hordes, with the decaying paganism of the Roman Empire. "Two Years Ago," "Yeast," and "Westward Ho!" are the names of less brilliant but more popular productions.

In 1859 Kingsley was appointed chaplain to the Queen, and from this time the fierce battle of his life with adverse circumstances seems to have been over. His position in society was established, and he began to be better understood and proportionately better esteemed in the ranks of his own Church. In 1860 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. In this capacity he formed his first connection with the Prince of Wales, to whom he afterward became chaplain. His learning as a man of science was by no means extraordinary; but his powers of scientific observation were amazingly quick and keen and sure, and he had a swift and almost intuitive inductive sagacity. As a teacher of science, in a devout and Christian spirit he wrote a noble essay entitled "Glaucus." His grand address on "Natural Theology," read at Sion College, in 1871, and printed afterward as a preface to his "Westminster Sermons," sets forth the master principles of his faith as a Christian man of science.

In 1873 Kingsley accepted, through the hands of Mr. Gladstone, the canonry of Westminster, an appointment which seemed to fill up the measure of his utinost hopes and desires, but from which, after he had shown his capability of equalling all expected of him as a metropolitan preacher, he was removed by death.

Kingsley always had a foreboding of comparatively early death, and a yearning to know something of the coming world. While travelling with his daughter in America, he was seized at California with an attack of pleurisy, and during the period of convalescence took a severe cold, causing a relapse of the malignant disease from which he never fully recovered and which ultimately cost him his life. When in California he wrote to his wife: "Please God, I shall get safe and well home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest

old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace."

But this was not to be. He returned from America in August, 1874, in very delicate health. He spent a few weeks at Eversley, a few more at Westminster, and though weak in body, his sermons were remarkable for pathos and impressiveness. He took cold just before leaving the cloisters, for the purpose of taking his wife, who was supposed to be dying, to Eversley. There he ministered with untiring devotion and affection to her wants, neglecting his cold, which was daily growing worse, until he was forced to take to his bed, under a severe attack of pneumonia. Husband and wife lay ill apart. Probably he might have partly recovered, as she did, but all depended on his keeping in the same temperature. One day he leaped out of bed, and going to his wife's room clasped her hand saying, "This is heaven; don't speak." One night, when he felt the end must be very near, he said, "No more fighting, no more fighting;" then followed intense and fervent prayer. One of his last days on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is."

A few hours before he died he was heard repeating, in a distinct tone, the solemn passage from the burial service, commencing with the words: "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts." Mrs. Kingsley says of his condition throughout his illness: "He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been hid with Christ in God."

In popular parlance he must be regarded as altogether a Broad Churchman, and as no more a High Churchman than Dean Stanley or Bishop Temple. Kingsley was essentially a preacher. By all the instincts of his fiery earnestness, by the peremptory convictions and demands of his moral nature, he was constrained to be a preacher. His preaching ranged through a very wide compass of faculty and influence. He dealt with many subjects in many moods. Being a man of genius, and master of style, he effected his results with a few strokes by means of few familiar words. His English is matchless for homeliness, unequalled for idiomatic simplicity; and yet he produces effects in the way of description, narrative, exposition, appeal, even argument, not only of extraordinary power, but very manifold in their variety. Kingsley was a man who in his lifetime made some grave mistakes, who in his

writings published some serious errors, but on the whole this generation has hardly known a nobler, braver, or more loving man, or a more devout servant of God in Christ.

WALLACE, N. S.

THE CROSS ON THE SANDS.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

AT evening I walked on the ocean shore,
When the shadows were gathering fast ;
The sun seemed to linger, then pause, to pour
His fading crimson on sea and mast ;
And the waves gently sighed,
In their gold-purple pride,—
“ Leave us not—oh, come back once more.”

In the ebbing tide a shivering moan
Struck a chord in my sorrowing heart ;
The sea, like my life, lay there bleak and lone,
Where no light, or joy, or hope had part ;
Dull gray in the gloaming,
Quivering and moaning,
“ Oh, Light ! oh, Beauty ! come once more.”

I knelt in the gray on the moistened sand,
And drew there a cross, the type of woe,
Then the crown and anchor, with trembling hand,
And pain in the heart that none could know ;
Above I drew the star—
Of sunny hope the star,
That in the west afar,
In golden letters wrote—“ Once more.”

The darkness was past and the morning fair ;
Again I roamed by the shining sea ;
I sought on the sands—my cross was not there,
Neither mist, gloom, nor cloud could I see ;
And the waves seemed to say,
Tossing lightly their spray—
“ Shrink not from thy sorrow,
A brighter to-morrow
Shall bring thee Eternity's Land,
Keep the sunshine within,
Lay thy cross upon Him
Who hath borne it for thee ;
Then thy cross shall but be
Like thy cross on the sea-washed strand.”

The Higher Life.

A PILLOW PRAYER.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
 My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
 Father ! forgive my trespasses and keep
 This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee ;
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
 All's well ! whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break !

A CHRISTIAN HABIT.

The very habit of godly life helps to keep one from temptation and sin. There are times, perhaps, when spirituality is at a low ebb in the heart, and little of God's sweet love seems to have place therein. Then this habit of correct living—a habit acquired through years of watchful prayer and persistent purpose—holds the man to circumspectness, and keeps him from many things that might soil his soul.

As a saving feature, the habit may be little worth ; but as a strong cord, holding evil tendencies in check, its value is very great. Satan rarely tempts with his wickedest pleasures those who go straight on in their daily life, upheld by a habit strong and strengthening. He dallies with such as are uncertain of themselves, being the creatures of their own impulsive promptings, and swayed hither and thither by the power of their own passions. Passion habitually held in check is never harmful ; but let it now and then rise to mastery, and all safety is gone. Safety lies only in a correct *habit*, not in an intention to be correct in the main. Just here is where sad mistakes are made. Young and old alike make them. Men are continually saying to themselves, "This indulgence will not work me harm. My

life shall be mainly correct; my self-discipline shall be rigorously maintained, with some slight exceptions; I will abide by what my conscience dictates as a rule; but every rule has its exceptions." And yet there *are* rules of being and doing which ought to have no exceptions, which cannot admit of exceptions without absolute danger.

It is the exceptional lapses from Christian circumspectness that impair the Christian character and weaken the Christian faith. If not too often occurring, their influence may not be so readily discovered, but it is not the less an influence, and it is not the less an influence for the bad. In essential quality it is precisely the same as though it were more plainly marked, but its degree is not so great. Occasional sinnings may not utterly warp the nature over, but they leave their impress, and it may never be quite eradicated. If the habit of life forbid these wholly, how much better in the end, how much better even now! Nothing short of divine grace and a rule of life which will admit no exceptings can save men.—*A. A. Hopkins.*

HOW A STATE OF PURITY OF HEART MAY BE RETAINED.

Does sin precede or follow the loss of faith? Does a child of God first commit sin and thereby lose his faith? or does he lose his faith first, before he can commit sin? I answer, some sin of omission at least, must necessarily precede the loss of faith, some inward sin; but the loss of faith must precede the committing outward sin. The more any believer examines his own heart the more he will be convinced of this: that faith working by love excludes both inward and outward sin from a soul watching unto prayer; nevertheless, we are even then liable to temptation, particularly to the sin that did easily beset us; that if the living eye of the soul be steadily fixed on God the temptation soon vanishes away; but if not, if we are drawn out of God by our own desires, caught by the bait of present or promised pleasures; then that desire, conceived in us, brings forth sin; and that inward sin having destroyed our faith, it casts us headlong into the snare of the devil, so that we may commit any outward sin whatever. Let us learn to follow that direction of the great apostle, "Be not high-minded, but fear;" let us fear sin more than death or hell. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." Thou, therefore, O man of

God, watch always, that thou mayest always hear the voice of God. Watch, that thou mayest pray without ceasing, at all times and in all places, pouring out thy heart before Him, so shalt thou always believe, and always love, and never commit sin. One great means of retaining what God has given is to labour to bring others into this grace, and to publish it to all mankind.—*Rev. John Wesley.*

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

To secure the proper observance of the Sabbath, we must look to other agencies than human law. We must teach men to love the Sabbath, as the lent day of Eden, and the prophetic type of heaven, embodying a relic of the peace of the one and a promise of the rest of the other. We must convince the rich man of the wise political economy of the Sabbath; its relation to a nation's wealth and greatness; its action as a great balance-wheel in human affairs, checking over-production and under-payment; preventing over-working and deterioration; restoring wasted energies; keeping alive the pure and powerful influence of domestic joys; compensating for the neglect of early education; and preparing the labourer to return refreshed, elevated, and cheered to the toil of another week. We must cause them to feel that the violation of Sabbath rest is as blind, suicidal, and ruinous an economy as the robbery of the refreshing sleep of the night. When to this pervading sense of the value and sweetness of the Sabbath there shall be added a waking Church, a ministry burning with light as well as love, a membership emulous of the fervent spirit of their spiritual chiefs, a sanctified press, a purified literature, and a Christianized education, then shall we hope to see that Sabbath which is "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable;" that Sabbath whose golden promise has brightened the horizon of the future to the eye of prophecy, and which, when it weekly draws its girdle of light around the glad earth, shall amply prefigure that blessed Sabbatism, where "the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

VALUE OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

A preacher's view of all theology ought to be coloured with the preciousness of the human soul. It is possible for two men to hold the same doctrine, and yet to differ very widely in this

respect. To one of them the Christian truths reveal much of the glory and mercy of God; to the other they shine also with the value of the spiritual manhood. To this last the Incarnation reveals the essential dignity of that nature into union with which the Deity could so marvellously enter. The redemption bears witness of the unspeakable love of God, but also of the value underneath the sin of man, which made the jewel worth cleaning. And all the methods of sanctification, all the disciplines of the Spirit open before the watchful minister new insight into the possibilities of that being upon whom such bounty of grace is lavished. I think that we ought to distrust at least the form in which we are holding any theological idea, if it is not helping to deepen in us the sense of the preciousness of the human soul, first impressing it as a conviction, and then firing it into a passion. There is not one truth which man may know of God which does not legitimately bear this fruit. I beg you more and more to test the way in which you hold the truth of God by the power which it has to fill you with honour for the spiritual life of man.

It is evident as we look at the ministry of Jesus that He was full of reverence for the nature of the men and women whom He met. There was nothing which He knew of God which did not make His Father's children precious to Him. We see it even in His lofty and tender courtesy. How often I have seen a minister's manner either proudly distant and conscious of his own importance, or fulsome and fawning with a feeble affectionateness that was unworthy of a man, and have thought that what he needed was that noble union of dignity and gentleness which came to Jesus from His divine insight into the value of the human soul.—*The Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

Faith in the fact of salvation must be distinguished from the faith that saves. When the seeking sinner "beholds the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and cries out, "He died for me," when he actually falls into the arms of the Redeemer, God will surely accept him. He has said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and He will certainly redeem His promise. The soul calmly resting upon the merits of Christ will presently receive the evidence of pardon and adoption, will feel and be able to say, "My debt is paid and I am free. Jesus, the world's Redeemer is mine, and I am His."
—*J. T. Peck.*

NOTES ON A CURIOUS OLD PLAY.

BY R. W. BOODLE.

IN the first volume of W. Carew Hazlitt's edition of "Dodsley's Old English Plays" is reprinted a curious old play known as the "Interlude of the Nature of the Four Elements." Its real title is much longer, being as follows: "A new interlude and a merry of the nature of the Four Elements, declaring many proper points of philosophy natural, and of divers strange lands, and of divers strange effects and causes." Unfortunately we only possess a part of the whole, as eight leaves are wanting in the original copy,—an octavo volume in black letter. In the British Museum copy, a MS. note attributes its production to the year 1519. This date, however, has been disputed, Dibdin assigning the Interlude to 1510. The authorship is equally doubtful, though it has been associated with the name of John Rastell.

The only internal marks of date are an allusion to the death of Henry VII. "of late memory" and to the Discovery of America "within this twenty year." This discovery is, however, attributed to Americo Vespucci and not to Columbus:

"But this new lands found lately
Being called America, because only
Americus did first them find."*

We may take it for granted that the Interlude was written early in the reign of Henry VIII. It is of great interest to us not only as reflecting the knowledge of the time, but also as strangely anticipating certain socialistic and scientific doctrines which we are accustomed to regard as the outcome of the present century.

The dramatic student will find a pretty full account of our play in Collier's "History of Dramatic Poetry," Vol. II. pp. 236-240, as well as shorter accounts in Ward's "English Dramatic Literature," Vol. I. pp. 66, 7, and Symonds's "Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," p. 173. But these writers, whose object in writing is rather dramatic than historical, have not noticed the curious passages to which I shall presently invite the reader's attention. For the benefit of those who have not these books at hand it may be well to run over the "plot" of the Interlude. This is very simple: Nature hands over Humanity to the instruction of 'Studious Desire (or the Love of Knowledge) who is assisted by Experience. Humanity proves for a time a docile pupil to Studious Desire, but shortly afterwards falls a prey to Sensual Appetite, who introduces him to Taverner and Ignorance. And between these two influences Humanity,

* In the extracts that follow I have preserved the spelling of Hazlitt's Dodsley with all its inconsistencies. The original was of course much more antique.

true to life, wavers throughout the course of the Interlude. The discourses of Nature, Studious Desire and Experience form a fair epitome of the knowledge of the day upon various points. Thus Experience gives Humanity the following account of America which will, I imagine, prove an interesting novelty to most of my readers. The inhabitants, we are told, "live all beastly :"

"For they nother (*sic*) know God nor the devil,
Nor never heard tell of heaven nor hell,
Writing nor other scripture ;
But yet in the stead of God Almighty,
They honour the sun for his great light,
For that doth them great pleasure ;
Building nor house they have none at all,
But woods, cots, and caves small,
No marvel though it be so,
For they use no manner of iron,
Neither in tool nor other weapon,
That should help them thereto :
Copper they have, which is found
In divers places above the ground,
Yet they dig not therefore ;
For, as I said, they have none iron,
Whereby they should in the earth mine,
To search for any wore :
Great abundance of woods there be,
Most part fir and pine-apple tree,
Great riches might come thereby,
Both pitch and tar, and soap ashes,
As they make in the east lands,
By brenning thereof only.
Fish they have so great plenty,
That in havens take and slain they be
With staves, withouten fail.
Now Frenchmen and other have found the trade,
That yearly of fish there they lade
Above a hundred sail ;
But in the south part of that country
The people there go naked alway,
The land is of so great heat :
And in the north part all the clothes
That they wear is but beasts' skins,
They have no nother fete ;
But how the people first began
In that country, or whence they came,
For clerks it is a question."

To the student of History there are various points of interest such as the

division of the world into Europe, Africa, *India*, and America. But to my mind the most interesting points are the strong plea put forward for the study of Natural Science and the early, one may say premature, insistence upon doctrines which are little removed from Modern Socialism. First, then, as to Natural Science, the Messenger thus speaks :

“ But man to know God is a difficulty,
Except by a mean he himself inure,
Which is to know God’s creatures that be :

Wherefore in this work declared shall ye see,
First of the elements the situation,
And of their effects the cause and generation ;
And though some men think this matter too high,
And not meet for an audience unlearned,
Methinks for man nothing more necessary
Than this to know, though it be not used,
Nor a matter more low cannot be argued ;
For though the elements God’s creatures be,
Yet they be most gross and lowest in degree.
*How dare men presume to be called clerks,
Disputing of high creatures celestial,*
As things invisible and God’s high warks,
And know not these visible things inferial ?
So they would know high things, and know nothing at all *
Of the earth here whereon they daily be,
Neither the nature, form, nor quantity.”

One is reminded that in our own day the term “ scholar ” is applied to one who possesses but a smattering of the Classics, though he may be entirely ignorant of the course of modern science.

The passage which anticipates the doctrines of modern Socialism is even more striking :

“ For every man in reason thus ought to do,
To labour for his own necessary living,
And then for the wealth of his neighbour also ;
But what devilish mind have they which, musing
And labouring all their lives, do no other thing
But bring riches to their own possession,
Nothing regarding their neighbour’s destruction ;
*Yet all the riches in the world that is
Riseth of the ground by God’s sending,
And by the labour of poor men’s hands ;
And though thou, rich man, have thereof the keeping,
Yet is not this riches of thy getting,
Nor oughtest not in reason to be praised the more,*

* Hazlitt prints with a colon after “ at all.” This must be a mistake.

For by other men's labour it is got before.
A great-witted man may soon be enriched,
That labourereth and studieth for riches only ;
But how shall his conscience then be discharged ?”

To find such modernisms in an old play is at least curious. The indestructibility of matter is similarly anticipated :

“So that nothing can be utterly annihilate ;
For though the form and fashion of anything
That is a corporal body be destroyed,
Yet every matter remaineth in his being,
Whereof it was first made and formed ;
For corruption of a body commixed
Is but the resolution by time and space
Of every element to his own place.”

Of course this passage comes in close connection with the old theory of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, to which we have so many allusions in all old writings, such as Flamineo's in Webster's “*Vittoria Corombona*” :

“Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care ;”

or Richard's in Shakespeare's “*Richard II* :

“Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.”

Though Shakespeare's meaning is spiritual, he has expressed it in terms that recall the old doctrine. The breath or the air having left the body, the soul or fire shoots upward, and the body or the element of earth sinks downward.

A HUMBLE LIFE.

A HUMBLE life is thine, and yet fret not,
In God's great kingdom thou art not forgot.
Although the listening empires may not hear
Thine eloquence resounding deep and clear,
Nor yet the world cast trophies at thy feet,
Still is thy life sublime, not incomplete.

On mountain top the sweetest songs abide,
And violet incense where the grasses hide ;
In ocean's caves shine fair the proudest gem
E'er worn by king in royal diadem.
Do well thy work ! wherever falls thy lot,
In God's great kingdom thou art not forgot.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

BY THE REV. N. SMITH.

GREEN, in his "History of the English People," says that if a book may be judged by the extent of its effects, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" is the greatest book of recent times. But if a book may be judged by its originality, the courage and perspicuity with which it presents the newest and greatest thoughts pertaining to the sublimest questions, the unapproached success with which it seeks a reconciliation of religion and science and its fidelity to evangelical truth, then doubtlessly Drummond's great book, to use one of his own favourite expressions, is the most outstanding book of modern times.

What is its aim? Not to prove the reality of the spiritual world. This he distinctly avows. But to answer the objection of scientific sceptics who say that they cannot even turn aside to examine the evidences of Christianity until it can be shown that it proceeds upon scientific lines. The scientific sceptic avers that his mind is so constituted, or so trained, that it is impossible for him to admit anything as truth that is not amenable to scientific law.

Now, while there are a large number of thoughtful people that cannot sympathize with such a state of mind, and who see nothing irrational in believing that there may be a spiritual province of the universe not governed by what is called natural law, but governed by a higher law; yet if such a state of mind exists, it is a grand work to show that there is no ground for sceptics refusing to give Christianity an impartial hearing, if indeed it be so, as our author well shows, that natural and spiritual laws are not merely analogous, but identical. His contention is, that the "Law of Continuity" does for law itself what law does for phenomena, that as law has marshalled and ordered phenomena so the law of continuity has marshalled and ordered law itself. The principle of continuity is the law of law, and in virtue of the law of continuity the same laws that govern the natural world must continue to have force in the spiritual world.

Now, there is a fascination in this theory for every thoughtful mind, although, as we said before, it is not a *sine qua non* to the acceptance of Christianity. We say there is a fascination in such a theory. As Sir William Hamilton has shown, the principle of unity reigns supreme in the human mind, and is one of the causes of philosophy. If Pascal exploded the theory that nature abhors a vacuum, no one has ever shown that the mind of man does not abhor discord and confusion. As soon as we begin to think at all, we instinctively seek for resemblance, for harmony, for correspondences in the universe around us, and hence, as Oliver Wendell Holmes shows in "Mechanics in Thought and Morals," many have sought a universal formula which should explain everything. And others besides Malbranche have felt assured that they could see all things in God. And if that be so, then the universal formula is easily stated from the Christian standpoint. It is simply :—God is. The existence of God explains every-

thing. According to this principle of unity, the mind of man rejoices to find similarities, to trace resemblances, and to discover identity and unity in the universe, so far as he can bring it within the powers of his observation. And it is this discovery of analogy that gives such a charm to Butler's great "Retort," as his "Analogy" has been called, and it is the discovery not only of analogy but of identity and unity, that gives a still greater charm to the work of Drummond.

Drummond is surely right when he claims that he is simply following the precedent of the great Teacher in tracing this identity between nature and the supernatural. As he says, Christ in His parables again and again predicted the analogy of the phenomena of the natural and spiritual worlds, and the only way to account for the analogy of the phenomena is to allow the identity of law according to which the phenomena are produced.

Nor, according to Drummond, does this identity of law in nature and the supernatural necessitate fatalism or any approach to it. This has been the great objection urged against this great work. But Drummond is careful to guard against any such deduction. He argues that a law of a lower world continuing to operate in a higher world may be superseded or overruled by a principle or law of that higher world. This higher law subordinates the lower. Thus gravitation in the organic world is subordinated to and overruled by the principle of growth, and so any natural law which holds in the spiritual world may be overruled by a higher law of the spiritual. Thus fatality in the spiritual world does not follow.

Mr. Drummond is almost a unique instance of a celebrated revivalist being at the same time a profound and philosophical scientist. In him, clear and unbiassed scientific judgment is conjoined with the zealous fervour of the ardent evangelist to an extent seldom witnessed. Such a book as his shows the indifferentism of the sceptic to be without excuse, and hastens the day when the harmony of religion and science shall be universally acknowledged.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY J. J. ROCHE.

THE hands of the King are soft and fair ;
They never knew labour's stain.
The hands of the Robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands,
For the world has made him free ;
But Thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary !

—*Independent.*

Current Topics and Events.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

There is much work done in this world—and that the very best work that is done—the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. We have felt that a gross injustice has been done many of the devoted missionary pioneers by the harsh criticism that “if their income was small it was all they were worth and as much as they would make in any other calling.” The man who wrote so did not know what he was writing about. Take the following facts given by the Rev. Dr. Douglas in his urgent appeal on behalf of those honoured brethren :

“Assuredly the Church must have overlooked the fact brought to light by the published report of the Missionary Committee of the Niagara Conference, that the entire income (slightly affected by children’s funds in some conferences) of our domestic missionaries will be the sum of \$450 for the current year; in other words, that only \$1.26 per diem is the compensation which our Church gives to provide fuel, food, raiment, and education, horse keep with attendant expenditure, to say nothing of literature and the many claims to which a minister’s income is ever subjected. There is not a skilled mechanic in our workshops, not an untutored stevedore on our wharves, not a cab-driver in our streets, but would scorn the allowance which the Methodist Church of Canada tenders to the honoured men who are to-day toiling in fields impoverished, isolated, and compassed with discouragements.”

The salaries of Methodist ministers are not fixed on the commercial principle of so much wages as compensation for so much work done. Their incomes are “allowances” estimated on the actual cost of living, and are often pared down below that cost. They are a class of picked men, chosen by the Church

for their superior gifts and piety and energy and Christian zeal—qualities that in any secular calling are a guarantee of success. Their four years’ probation, or generally five years’, two of which are spent at college, is a further testing time. Then their life-work develops the best faculties of heart and mind. The frontier missionary is generally the leading man in the community, foremost in every good word and work, in every Christian enterprise and reform. Some who fail in health in the ministry win distinction and acquire wealth in secular life; and many who, after forty years of ministerial toil, die poor men might have been rich had they devoted the same energy to making money. Like Agassiz, “they haven’t time to make money.” They are doing a work of vastly greater importance. They are laying the foundations of empire. They are building their lives into a great Christian commonwealth. They not only save their country, but they make it worth saving. They are the best bulwarks of civil and religious liberty. The Protestant missionaries of the Canadian North-West did more than an army to save the country from anarchy and rebellion. Not a single Methodist Indian joined the late revolt, and some of them attributed their abstention to the influence of the missionaries. The Christian ministry are a moral police repressing crime, cultivating virtue, morality and good citizenship, and lessening the cost of the administration of justice.

But though for the most part poor in this world’s goods they yet have their exceeding great reward. We believe that no class of men in the world enjoy so much real happiness, get so much real good out of life, and so fully serve its highest ends. They live in the love and confidence, and honourable esteem of

their fellow-men. They are the peers of the highest in the land. They can in old age look back on a life spent in the service of God and of His Church. All over the land, spiritual children rise up and call them blessed. A retired minister, writing recently in the *Guardian*, records not less than three thousand souls brought to God as the result of a thirty years' ministry. What a reward is this for a life of toil and privation and hardship !

The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on.

A missionary in the far North-West writes as follows :

"I do feel very sorry for many of my ministerial brethren in this Conference. In this cold, severe climate men should have salaries to make them comfortable at least. I do not wish to utter one grumbling word, but when I think of my future and my family, I cannot but have many anxious thoughts.

"But dollars and cents," he goes on to say, "are not everything : to be a factor in the Christianizing and civilizing of this land of broad acres is surely something. To meet this country at the inception period of its history with those principles which have made the best nations of the earth what they are, is certainly a noble work—a work that can only be performed efficiently by men possessing the best talents. I believe that, if our Church were more fully consecrated to God, both the men and the means would be forthcoming to sustain our work at every point. If properly looked after and sustained, our work here will repay with compound interest every dollar expended upon it."

Let us not stint the men who are doing this noble work, nor begrudge them a compensation that shall at least keep their minds from being distracted from their great work by anxieties as to how they shall find food for their families, and clothing and education for their children. If the churches "have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things."

THE EIGHT HOUR MOVEMENT.

Every one must sympathize with the effort to lighten the toil, and brighten the lives, and improve the mental or moral status of the great classes of hand-workers. If the eight hour movement would do this it would be a powerful argument for its adoption. But that it would is by no means proven. Many would use wisely their leisure in reading or study, but many also would not. If one will not use wisely the leisure he has, still less can he be expected to use wisely greater leisure. Satan will find some mischief still for idle hands and idle hours. During a great part of the year building and mechanical trades are greatly interrupted, or altogether prevented, by unfavourable weather. Ample leisure for reading and study can then be procured for those who desire it. But for a small section of the wage-workers to peremptorily demand during the busy season an abridgment of the hours of labour, is the height of tyranny toward those who are willing and anxious to work and earn all they can. If they demand the shortened time and also the full scale of wages, it is a double injustice to many employers. Large amounts of capital are invested in costly machinery. To reduce the producing power of this machinery 20 per cent. by shortened time is a heavy tax on the manufacturer, even though the wages were also reduced, for the wages is only one factor in the maintenance of a great establishment. The cost of plant and machinery is often a much larger factor. The increased cost of manufactures will eventually fall chiefly on the working class, who will have a less income to meet it.

But the eight hour movement can affect during a great part of the year only a very small part of the community. The great majority of the workers of Canada are the agricultural population. During our busy summers our farmers work far more than ten or even twelve hours a day. They must make hay while the sun shines, and garner the grain when it is ripe ; and of course they reap the advantage of a higher rate of wages.

Punch, in a clever cartoon, points out one aspect of the eight hour movement often unthought of. A burly artisan comes home to find his wife reading a novel, no supper ready, and the house in disorder. "Oh," says the wife, "I have joined the eight hour movement." Most of the wives and mothers of Canada work much longer hours than their liege lords. They cannot throw off the burden of work when the six o'clock bell rings. They have often no surcease from nerve-exhausting toil and care for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Most men in business, brain-workers as well as hand-workers, even the children in our public schools, have a longer period of mental activity than eight hours a day. Far better, we think, is the longer day's work, with half holiday on Saturday, when complete mental and physical diversion can be enjoyed, than an enforced uniformity of shortened daily work.

The brutal massacres of Chicago and Milwaukee only incalculably damage the best interests of the working classes and estrange the sympathy of all lovers of law and order. These must be maintained at all cost, or society will be soon reduced to anarchy and chaos. But that is the very thing that these anarchists desire, that from its wreck they may snatch some plunder for the passing hour.

OUR TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

This number completes our 23rd volume of this MAGAZINE which is in every respect the most successful yet issued. Of some of the numbers a second edition had to be printed; and the circulation is far ahead of any previous period. The illustrations, too, for number and variety and artistic merit have never been equaled in any previously Canadian periodical.

Among the features of special interest in the 24th volume (July to December, 1886,) will be a fine steel portrait, costing over \$100, of the late Dr. Rice, with memorial tributes by Rev. Dr. Douglas, Dr. Harper, Dr. Stuart, and the editor. This number will not be sold separately, but will be furnished only to sub-

scribers. A graphic Story of Irish Methodism, in two parts, by E. M. Morphy, Esq., will prove of special interest to our Irish friends. Mr. J. T. Moore's splendidly illustrated articles on "Wonderland and Beyond," which have attracted so much attention, will be concluded, as also those on the "Great North-West," and the absorbing serial, "Jan Vedder's Wife."

Among illustrated articles of unique importance will be "Our Indian Empire," "Saunterings in England and Scotland," "Through the Bosphorus," "Footprints of St. Paul," "The Seven Churches of Asia," "In Bible Lands," "Swiss Pictures," "In the German Fatherland," "In the Carolinas," "Among the Zuni," "Jamaica and its People," "Wanderings in South America," "Picturesque Canada," and several others. The illustrations will equal, if not surpass, any that we have yet presented.

Of the other contributions promised we would invite special attention to Dr. Williams' paper on the "Less Known Poets of Methodism," to articles by Dr. Carman, Dr. Dallinger, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Burwash, Prof. Shaw, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Thos. Nichol, Dr. Daniel Clarke, and others too numerous to mention.

The English Princes at the Antipodes, from the Journals of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales; Chivalry, by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President of the United States; and Wesley and his Helpers, by the late Thomas Guard, will also be of special interest. A condensed record of the annual Conferences and of the approaching General Conference, in a form convenient for permanent preservation, will also be furnished. The present is a very convenient time to subscribe, only one dollar to the end of the year. We hope that those of our readers whose subscriptions expire with this number will promptly renew, and that all our friends, especially our ministerial brethren, will kindly call attention to the efforts made to furnish a Connexional Magazine worthy of extended patronage, and endeavour to still further increase its circulation.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.—VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

The Convocation was an occasion of very great interest. There was as usual a grand rally of the loyal alumni of the university. We know of no college where the *esprit de corps* and loyalty of its sons is so great. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter preached with characteristic ability the baccalaureate sermon. The Rev. Dr. Eby gave the annual lecture before the Theological Union. It was a powerful and eloquent plea for a reform in the policy of the Church with regard to missionary enterprise. It evoked great enthusiasm, and the union have resolved to give it the widest circulation possible. C. A. Maston, B.A., delivered the annual lecture on the introduction of a department of social science. The lecture is highly commended by those who heard it. The Rev. B. F. Austin, M.A., Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, gave the President's address of the Alumni Association. It was an excellent one, and in the course of which he made some telling remarks in favour of the establishment of a chair of missions somewhat after the model of such chairs in the universities of the Old World.

Convocation was opened by prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Sutherland. The valedictory oration was then delivered by Mr. E. H. Koyle. It was patriotic and eloquent. Over a hundred degrees were conferred. Among them that of D.D. on the Revs. W. Briggs, Toronto; C. S. Eby, Tokio, Japan; J. S. Evans, Hamilton; S. J. Hunter, Hamilton. We congratulate these brethren on the well-merited honours conferred upon them. Rev. Chancellor Nelles, in a speech of great power, eloquently combated the idea that there was a growing tendency to secularize education in this country. He contended that no higher

standard of learning could be found than that which existed in Canadian colleges, and said he would never give any kind of adhesion to a scheme that would abolish the autonomy of Queen's or Trinity or Victoria. Victoria University has had a larger attendance of undergraduates than during any term since her foundation. There are 170 undergraduates in the faculty of Arts alone. The total number of students enrolled exceeds 700. Miss Willoughby, who received the bachelor's degree in Arts, is the daughter of the Rev. N. R. Willoughby, of Whitby. The conversation was a brilliant social event.

The closing exercises of the Montreal Theological College were very successful. The college had a very prosperous year. Its handsome and well appointed college building gives it a great advantage, and adds much to the *prestige* of Montreal Methodism, which will be still further enhanced by the magnificent new church for the St. James Street congregation, soon to be erected on one of the most central and eligible squares in the city.

Of the exercises at Sackville, N.B., we have not at the time of writing received a report.

We are indebted to the Rev. S. G. Stone, D.D., Associate Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, for the following valuable statistics: The censuses of Canada are taken at intervals of ten years, the last of which was in 1881. Six years previous, the three leading denominations stood as follows in the whole Dominion: Methodists, 549,499; Presbyterians, 544,998; Church of England, 494,049. In the census for 1881 the numbers are as follows: Methodists, 742,981; Presbyterians, 676,155; Church of England, 574,818. In the Province of Ontario for the same periods the relative num-

bers, were : 1871, Methodists, 462,264 ; Presbyterians, 356,442 ; Church of England, 330,995. 1881, Methodists, 591,503 ; Presbyterians, 417,769 ; Church of England, 366,539. In this period the growth of the population was in the whole Dominion 25 per cent. and in Ontario 18½ per cent. The relative growth of the above denominations was, in the whole Dominion,—Methodists, 35 per cent. ; Presbyterians, 24 per cent. ; Church of England, 16½ per cent. In Ontario—Methodists 28 per cent. ; Presbyterians, 17 per cent. ; Church of England, 10½ per cent. The above comparisons will show that, vigorous as the growth of Presbyterianism unquestionably is, Methodism is yet taking the lead in Canada.

A square bounded by four streets has been purchased for the sum of \$70,000 by the Great St. James Street Church, the Cathedral of Methodism in Montreal. It is proposed to make the new church the finest edifice in Canadian Methodism. The proceeds of the present property will amount to over \$200,000, and it is hoped that \$50,000 additional will be raised by subscription.

Next to the Missionary Fund, the Sustentation Fund in all the Conferences should beliberally sustained. We speak that which we do know, when we declare that the income of many, devoted ministers on poor circuits for the last two or three years has been of the most meagre description.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Preparations are being made to commence mission work at the west end of London on a plan similar to that adopted at the east end. The Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., and Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the well-known author, have agreed to enter upon this important enterprise. Our readers are probably aware that the last Conference resolved that \$250,000 should be raised for evangelistic work in London.

The following is the substance of the report on the relation of baptized

children to the Church, which is to be laid before both the Irish and English Conferences. That as all baptized children have been admitted into the congregation of Christ's flock and publicly recognized as disciples of Christ, it is incumbent on the ministers of the Connexion to extend to them a larger measure of systematic attention and pastoral care than they have as yet generally received, and we recommend the Connexion to direct as follows : That such increased care and attention should be more distinctly based upon the relation which is created by their baptism, and should embrace their fuller instruction in their duties and privileges as professed disciples of Christ.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Three more veteran soldiers of the Christian chivalry have gone to their reward. The Rev. James Edgar, M.D., died at his residence in Toronto on April 28th. He was born in Dundas in 1822, and was therefore in his sixty-fourth year. He was a prominent member of the Primitive Methodist Conference, having been stationed four times in Toronto, three in Brampton, twice in Kingston. Having studied medicine, he was enabled as a labour of love to frequently minister to the bodies as well as the souls of his congregations. His personal record is one of open-handed charity, religious devotion and consecrated zeal. In 1880 failing health necessitated his superannuation. His last illness was brief and his end was peace.

The Rev. John Douse, one of the oldest and most honoured ministers of Canadian Methodism, passed quietly away at the residence of his son-in-law, H. Hough, Esq., Toronto. He had reached the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was wonderfully alert in body and mind for his years. He received his training for the Wesleyan ministry in England, and was ordained in Canada in 1834. He filled successively appointments at St. Catharines, Cobourg, Belleville, Hamilton, Kingston, Toronto, Barrie, London, Guelph, Otta-

wa, St. John's, Que., and Paris. From 1860 to 1880 he was treasurer of the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, and was himself superannuated in 1873. Throughout the Dominion thousands to whom he ministered the Word of Life will pay the tribute of the tear of sorrow that the venerable Father Douse has passed away. One of his daughters is the wife of that heroic missionary, Rev. T. Crosby, of Port Simpson, B.C.; another is the wife of the Rev. Geo. M. Brown, of the Toronto Conference.

The intelligence has just been received of the death of the venerable Rev. D. Hardie, in his 87th year. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson writes from Strathroy:—"His end was peaceful, and free from pain. He was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He had been failing during the winter. Not much of a sufferer at any time; and at all times he was happy in God." Father Hardie began his ministry in 1833, but on account of failure of health was obliged to superannuate in 1848. He was the father of the Rev. A. Hardie, of the Montreal Conference.

Bishop Hannington, of the Church Missionary Society of England, was appointed to Mombassa, Africa, in 1884. He was a man of great zeal in his Master's cause, and had made full proof of his ministry while employed as a curate in a rural district in England. He was full of hope respecting the success of his mission in Africa, but during the latter part of the year 1885 he was cruelly murdered by King Mangwa, and thus another name is added to the honoured roll of those of whom the world was not worthy.

English Methodism has of late years lost a number of ministers. Among them the Rev. John D. Geden, D.D., classical tutor in Didsbury College. He was a scholar of rare ability, and was one of the revisers of the Old Testament. He was an able preacher and a choice friend. He delivered the Fernley Lecture in 1874, and published a volume of sermons. He entered the joy of his Lord March 6th.

A few days after the grave closed upon the remains of Dr. Geden, Dr.

Lyth was called home to heaven. He had been a Methodist minister forty years. After serving several English circuits he was sent to Wurtemberg, Germany, where he laboured six years. He was the first Wesleyan minister stationed in that town. He was a diligent student and could preach with fluency in the German language. He was the author of some important theological works.

No man of modern times was better known in the ranks of the Primitive Methodist ministry than the Rev. Geo. Lamb. He was in the active work fifty-six years. He was formerly President of Conference, and served a term of five years as Book Steward. Nearly forty years were spent in London and Hull. Few ministers have been more successful in the conversion of sinners. He preached and enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification. He was greatly beloved, and it has been resolved to raise a memorial fund in honour of his memory, which will probably take the shape of an endowment for a free scholarship at the Theological Institute. As Mr. Lamb had many friends in Canada, could they not subscribe, say \$100, towards said memorial? The present writer would gladly transmit any contributions that might be entrusted to him for such purpose.

An honoured layman of the Wesleyan Church has also been called home—William Hoyle, Esq. He was an earnest Christian and a zealous labourer in the cause of temperance. His pen was much employed in temperance literature. He was accustomed for many years to write an annual letter to the London *Times* on the national drink bill, which commanded great attention.

In our own Church we have also had to mourn the death of the Rev. E. Tupper, who died March 8th. He entered the ministry in 1836 and performed the duties of his office with great fidelity. For some years he was placed in charge of the Mount Elgin Industrial School. Failing health compelled him to seek a superannuated relation. He was a member of London Conference, and was greatly beloved for his amiability and devotedness to God.

Book Notices.

Monday Chats. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Selected and translated from the "Causeries du Lundi" by WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$2.00.

Sainte-Beuve, the brilliant French Senator and Academician, is described by Matthew Arnold, as "the finest critical spirit of our time." And of these "Causeries," or "Monday Chats" the *Westminster Review* asserts "there is nothing equal to them in their line in any language." Yet his merits are comparatively little known to English readers. Dr. Mathews has therefore rendered an invaluable service to literature by these racy and idiomatic translations of these brilliant French essays. We have here the thoughts of one of the greatest thinkers of France on some of the most important themes of modern criticism. In these essays he fairly exhausts his subject. His style has all the vivacity, the subtle grace, the delicate refinement for which the highest class of French writers are noted. Among the brilliant essays here given are studies of Fenelon, Bossuet, Massillon, Pascal, Rousseau, Guizot, Louis XIV., Frederic the Great, etc. Dr. Mathew's introductory essay is a fine study of the great critic himself.

The Life and Writings of St. John.

By JAMES M. MACDONALD, D.D. With introduction by DEAN HOWSON. 8vo, pp. 436. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

In this book Dr. Macdonald has done for the Life and Writings of St. John what Canon Farrar and Drs. Conybeare and Howson have done for the Life and Writings of St. Paul. This is, so far as we know, decidedly the best popular treatment of the august theme under con-

sideration. It is of special value at this time when the attention of all Christendom is directed, as it never was before, to those writings. For nine months of this year the great majority of the Sunday-school teachers and scholars of the world are studying these writings as they never were studied since they first appeared. Here all the side lights that can be thrown by sacred and secular history are focused on those important writings. Numerous excellent engravings are given of places made memorable forever by incidents in the life of St. John. The Fourth Gospel, the Epistles of St. John and the Revelation form one of the most important portions of the New Testament. Every Sunday-school teacher or superintendent, every Bible student, will find much valuable aid toward their comprehension in this volume.

One Hundred Years of Temperance.

A Memorial Volume of the Centennial Temperance Conference, held in Philadelphia, Pa., September, 1885. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Toronto: F. S. Spence, *Citizen Publishing Company*. 8vo. Pp. 660. Price \$3.00.

The volume before us is a monument of temperance labour. There are fifty-eight contributed essays or addresses, and all temperance societies in Great Britain and America are well described, and their labours in the good cause faithfully recorded. Canada is not forgotten. Two days were spent in Conference, when brief summaries of the papers contained in the volume were given, and free discussions followed. The persons present were clergymen, senators, professional men and representative women, all of whom took part in the proceedings, which are here stenographically reported.

One of the largest mass meetings which the present writer ever attended was held in the Music Hall, Philadelphia, and is reported at great length. The addresses of General Wagner, Colonel Bain, of Kentucky, Rev. James McCleary, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of North America, and Miss F. E. Willard, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were worthy of the occasion.

This Memorial Volume deserves an extensive circulation. Statesmen and philanthropists especially would do well to make themselves familiar with its contents. It will be a standard volume in temperance literature for many years to come.

Evolution: A Scotch Verdict. By CHARLES F. DEEMS, LL.D. New York: J. W. Lovell & Co. Price 20 cents.

In this admirable little book, Dr. Deems, who was himself a fellow-student with Huxley, critically examines the evolution theory in the light of the testimony of the vegetable and animal world, both paleontological and living, and in the light of language and instinct and molecular physics, and renders the Scotch verdict—not proven. He exhibits the weak points in the theory, the manifold difficulties it involves, and the missing links to be supplied. "It is not," he says, "either a religious or a sentimental question, but a purely scientific one," and he asserts that "the very moment evolution is proved, the theologians will be able to show that it stands in harmony with all theology worth preserving." Nevertheless he shows that the deliberate verdict of many of the ablest scientists of the day is "not proven."

The Mormon Problem. By the Rev. C. P. LYFORD. 12mo. 325 pages. Price \$1. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

The above work is the result of thirteen years' study and careful research, four of which were spent as a missionary in Utah. It is intended

as a concise and exhaustive analysis of the real issues involved in the Mormon question. The author brings a heavy indictment against the colossal fraud and iniquity of Mormonism. An appendix contains four original stories of Mormon Life, and an authentic and detailed account of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. These strike us as rather sensational and not possessing the weight of the historic narrative by which they are preceded.

War and Peace. The Invasion, 1807-1812. By COUNT LEON TOLSTOI. Translated by CLARA BELL. Two volumes, pp. 321-270. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.75 per set.

We reviewed a short time since the first two volumes of this remarkable series. Of that work no less than two or three rival editions have appeared. The present volume's present, from a Russian point of view, a panorama-like story of the world-shaking conflict between Napoleon Bonaparte and Russia. In Napoleon is identified the mystical beast of the Apocalypse. The work gives a striking picture of many phases of Russian life and character. Additional interest is given it by the recent work of its distinguished author entitled, "My Religion," in which he accepts as the literal rule of life and standard of national as well as individual equity, "The Sermon on the Mount."

Lorenz Alma Tadema: His Life and Works. By GEORG EBERS. From the German, by MARY G. STAFFORD, with thirteen illustrations. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This is a book of remarkable interest. Ebers, who is one of the first of living critics, classifies Alma Tadema as the first of living artists. He sketches his life and describes his greatest works. Of several of these good wood engravings are given.

No artist ever reproduced the past with such vividness as Tadema in his pictures of Merovingian, Roman, Pompeian, Greek, and Egyptian life. To his exquisite technical skill, he adds archæological learning and profound human sympathy. We commend the book to all lovers of art.

The Welsh Pulpit of To-day. Sermons by Welsh ministers. Edited by the Rev. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 8vo, pp. 450. Price \$2.00.

The fire and fervour of Welsh sermons are proverbial. Yet most readers judge of them chiefly by the sermons of Christmas Evans, Howell, Harris, J. C. Jones, and a few well-known preachers. We have twenty-seven sermons by a number of the most characteristic Welsh preachers. There is in most of them a strength, an energy, a directness, that are marks of the national temperament. The introduction and sermon by the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones are in his best style. The former books by this writer have had quite a phenomenal success. We anticipate for this volume no less. It is very handsomely printed and bound. One of the most elegant books ever issued from our Connexional press.

The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Pp. 447. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Paper, 50 cents.

These essays have all the charm of Mr. Harrison's exquisite literary touch. The first four, on the choice of books, should be read and re-read again and again, although they will cause more than a twinge of remorse at the ill-use or non-use many of us make of the noble classic literature at our command. Other brilliant papers discuss culture. Disraeli's Lothair, Froude's Carlyle, George Eliot, Bernard of Clairveaux, etc. If we could but add an evangelical faith to Mr. Harrison's large-minded sympathy he would be a master at

whose feet we would still more love to sit.

The Trinity of Evil: Infidelity, Impurity, Intemperance. By the Rev. CANON WILBERFORCE, M.A. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price 90 cents.

This book is a tremendous indictment of the three greatest evils of the age. In earnest, burning words, the son of an honoured sire boldly rebukes sin in high places or in low. The appropriate text of one of these chapters is, "I am full of the fury of the Lord." Like a prophet he denounces the sin. Like an evangelist he points the sinner to the pardoning Saviour. The book should be widely read and pondered and obeyed.

The New Princeton Review. May 1886. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

A new feature of this able Review, which has at once taken a first rank in higher literature, is an admirable record of contemporary events—political, social, literary, artistic, etc. An excellent classified index will make this and the other varied information of this review readily accessible.

LITERARY NOTES.

Cassell's Magazine of Art for May contains "Primrose Day," an article on Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, by George Saintsbury, with Portraits by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., Edgar J. Boehm, R.A., Daniel Maclise, and Harry Furniss; and a page of caricatures from *Punch*, by Richard Doyle, John Leech, Charles Keene, Linley Sambourne, and John Tenniel, selected and redrawn by Harry Furniss; and "An American Collection," by Charles DeKay, with Engravings after Constable, Corot, Ryder, Dalacroix, J. F. Millet, and other artists.

The Magazine of Art for June contains an account of a Royal artist, H. R. I. H. the Crown Princess of Germany, with illustrations from her work, and a paper on Alexander Cabanel by Alice Meynell.